

Forty-five Letters by Béranger, and details concerning his Life—[*Quarante-Cinq Lettres, &c.*]. Published by Madame Louise Colet. (Paris, Librairie Nouvelle.)

MADAME LOUISE COLET,—who is accused by a ticketed *stiletto*, in M. Alphonse Karr's armory, of having stabbed the author of "Les Guêpes" in the back, and whose "*tête méridionale*," so largely referred to in the trial restraining the publication of the love-letters betwixt Benjamin Constant and Madame Récamier which took place some years ago, is not forgotten by any one caring for the literary chit-chat of modern Paris,—here favors us with a new proof of her impulsiveness. How long has Béranger been dead? Some three weeks, little more: here is her book about Béranger—not tears in rhyme, but anecdotes and reminiscences in prose, and ransackings from letters which he wrote to Madame Colet, selected, we must say, with a sharp eye to business and the recommendation of the poetess. Did she forget her friend's express wish, that no eulogy should be spoken over his grave? Has she not here given among her first specimens the note of reply to her inquiries on the morning after M. Lafitte's funeral?—

"Dear Muse,—I am still very much tired, but you are too good in making yourself so uneasy about me. You gave me tidings of the procession, for we who were the pallbearers saw nothing ten paces from us. What, unfortunately, I saw too much of was the stupid ovation which they tried to make as we came out, which threw me into a sufficiently great dilemma, and into a greater passion. I had to fly, but they took out the horses from the carriage in which I had taken refuge, near that of Lafitte the elder. At last I contrived to reach a post of the National Guard, which afforded me a shelter from this ridiculous enthusiasm—a mourning coach was sent me, and municipal guards on horseback accompanied me, to keep off the too great eagerness of the street-folk. I am sensible of marks of sympathy, but they must not be noisy and disorderly ones: thus I cannot conceal from you that I have been touched to the utmost by the gallantry of the military authorities, who, seeing my embarrassment, assisted me to extricate myself without any act of violence towards the crowd

which had so strangely troubled my sorrow. I will go no more to the funerals of my friends."

Surely in the case of one who could write so honestly, this hasty publication is a sin against knowledge, as much as against good taste. The "*tête méridionale*," with the eye in it looking to the shop through its tears, is here confessed in all its impetuosity.

Madame Colet's recollections of Béranger are neither numerous nor important. So largely does she figure in them herself that but for other *data* to aid in judgment of the character of the greatest poet, which we possess, we might have fancied him a French Hayley to a *Marseillaise* Seward. He read to her most of the Napoleon and other songs, which are shortly coming. One, called "The Devil's Daughter," has a touching legend—another, "The Apostle," was dedicated to Lamennais. One "A Lesson on French History to General Bertrand's Son," is vouched for as containing a sublime verse about Joan of Arc; but the most beautiful, according to Madame Colet, is "Madame Letitia at Rome." Her acquaintance with Béranger began by correspondence. From 1847 to 1848 the Singer interested himself much in a drama which Madame Colet was writing. By the way, it was after a reading of this play that Mdlle. Rachel—who, with the authoress, was twisting her way homewards in a coach among the barricades of February, 1848—broke out for the first time into "La Marseillaise," by the infuriate singing of which the "Muse of Israel" propitiated the men of the Mountain, on whom then depended the destinies of the theatre on which depended her pension. Madame Colet also gives the details of a sort of lemonade-orgy into which she entrapped Béranger at "*La Closerie des Lilas*"—a music and dance garden of un-equivocal reputation, where, on his being recognized, he was pelted with bouquets and kisses by the *Lisettes* of its fairy bowers, and hugged by a gigantic negro "in the name of the colonies"! But great as was their intimacy, and great, Madame Colet would have us believe, as was the poet's enthusiasm for her, there was a point which even "the dear

“muse” might not pass, as the following note will show.—

“Your letter frightens me: you threaten to bring some one to me, whom I do not know; and that is a liberty which I have allowed to none of my old friends. I beg of you, then, to do nothing of the kind. You will find this request little polite; but when the question is defence of my hole, I am capable of any thing. Madame Valmore lately brought me two strangers: if I had not been afraid of giving her pain, I should have reproached her for this want of good breeding towards a man who loves solitude too well to be treated thus.

Here are a few extracts, however, in which Béranger writes to his Bettina on other subjects and persons than her works and their two selves:

“I did not know Delille (writes Béranger in 1844, with reference to a couplet, which he had contributed by way of epigraph to a new edition of that author’s poems); he is an admirable versifier, rich in happy terms, but which he has worn out himself, by repeating them without end in his too numerous works. Extolled much too highly in his own time,—which then, perhaps, rendered me unjust to him,—he is, without doubt, too much neglected to-day. This belongs to the class of his works—the descriptive; a class which does not exist for, and does not befit our language, in spite of what they have said. Add to this, that Delille was devoid of invention and of sensibility. As a man he was simply a charming creature, though much spoiled. The Terror did not reach him, but caused him great fear. He escaped into England after Thermidor, and there, devoted to royalism, and to Anglomania, he shabbily injured his own country, which covered him with glory. It was by favor that he returned there. There would be pretty stories to tell of his household; but I think that his widow is still alive. I suppose, too, that the notice which you are writing is to serve as introduction to some of his poems. So there is no need to judge him too severely. And then, with us, is it permitted to refuse the title of poet, and even of grand poet, to one who has made any verses? Is it not determined at the Academy and elsewhere, that verses are poetry?”

Here, too, are a few words concerning Molière—especially to be recommended to the newest Academician and poet, M. Ponsard, in the parallel they include. “They were written,” says the incessant Madame Colet, “while I was composing my poem ‘Molière.’”

“Lebrum tells me that he finds your ‘Molière’ excellent, and enters into details on the subject, which proves that it is not lightly he judges. You have no occasion to busy yourself with the Jesuits. Molière was on no better terms with the other religious coteries than with the good fathers. His philosophic verses have no such shabbiness. I think, even, that the Jesuits were not those whom he mistrusted the most. You have given him a thought of our own times; and the proof is, that the most eulogistic epitaph made on him was by Father Bonhour, a Jesuit. However, if you insist on falling on the Jesuits, you can show him as having, by his *Tartuffe*, completed the victory of Pascal. Nowhere have you spoken of the admirable good sense of the great *contemplator*, as Boileau called him. You might also make a eulogy of Molière’s style, the finest in our theatre, whether of prose or verse; and say that our great comic author is the most perfect of dramatic authors, because it is he who has married Art with Nature. Lastly, can you not, in your parallel of Molière with Shakspeare, speak, as I have told you, of the active, precarious, sometimes poor life, which makes the man before it makes the poet,—which assures the pre-eminence of those who have led it, while it does not prevent others from having their use? But, above all, that which I insist on, is the picture of Molière’s friends and comrades round his death-bed, while they broke the windows of his house; and of the passage of his burial, which (whatever Grimart said, to give pleasure to his relations, (took place privately. Be sure to say that the grave was only an obscure and almost unknown trench, to which La Fontaine conducted him; and where, twenty years later, he went to sleep beside him,—as if Providence had wished once again to bring together our two greatest poets. Do you know that La Fontaine was laid by the side of Molière in the cemetery of Saint-Joseph, Rue Montmartre? It is asserted that their remains were discovered in ’93—they are together in Père la Chaise.”

There is something of gentle irony in the following scraps concerning two of Béranger’s famous contemporaries and friends. The date of the first is 1844.—

“Chateaubriand is going,—but he does not yet know well where. Lamennais in Burgundy,—where he does not seem to be well amused. It is very difficult to enliven these two poor great men, and I doubt whether they will find much balm for their wounds, on their travels. If they had suffered as I have done, during almost three months, perhaps they might have found the distraction

which they are vainly searching for. I love them too much, however, to wish any thing of the kind.

You inform me of the stay of Chateaubriand at Maintenon. If he passes fifteen days there, he will be bored for those fifteen days. Poor Madame Récamier must be at her wits' end to find amusement for her *Louis-Quatorze*."

We have said that Madame Colet has done her best to drape Béranger after the fashion of a French Hayley, reciprocating incense with herself—the Seward of the friendship. But it seems that she was not the only muse and strong-minded woman by whom he was beset; while it is evident, too, from glimpses which this correspondence reveals, that he did not endure his honors without making a private face or two,—good-natured, always, in a corner at the choir of tuneful wives and widows who swung their censers at his feet.—

"When you are writing, tell me who is Madame Lesguillon, of whom I spoke in my

letter;—and who is Madame Lormeau. I have had to thank the former for a song which has made my shame-facedness—not my modesty—blush remarkably.

"I have said to the Countess d'Agout [probably in regard to that lady's '*Nelida*'—a novel which endeavors its worst to be the '*Glenarvon*' of French fictions], that women do not write novels—they always write their own history."

The above extracts contain some of the most interesting passages of this vain little book. We do not recollect whether the fact has been elsewhere noticed, that a sister of the poet still survives him, at a very advanced age. She is a nun in the *Convent des Oiseaux*. For another female relative, whom he loved tenderly, about, also, to become a nun, Béranger paid the dowry of 4,000 francs. She died a few days after having taken the veil; and the community wished to restore the money to the *chansonnier*, but he refused to receive it.

MARRIAGE OF TWO MUTES BY A MUTE CLERGYMAN.—In the city of Lexington, on the evening of August 5th, was witnessed such a wedding party and such a marriage ceremony as perhaps never occurred in the United States, certainly not in the State of Kentucky, Mr. John Blount, the bridegroom, is a deaf mute, who was brought up in Alabama, but received his education at the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Danville, where he is at present an accomplished and highly esteemed instructor. He is a tall and fine-looking specimen of a man and is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Miss Lucretia Ann Hoagland, the bride, is also a deaf mute. She was educated in the institution at Danville, and would pass for a beautiful and accomplished lady in any circle of society. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoagland, the parents of the bride, at whose house the marriage took place, are also both of them deaf mutes. They received their education some twenty-five or thirty years since at the same institution. They have three other children—two of whom hear and talk; their youngest, a little boy of nine years old, is, like the bride, a mute, and expects before long to go to the same institution, to obtain that inestimable blessing—a good education—which his father, mother and sister have received before him.

There were also present, as invited guests, some twelve or fifteen educated mutes, all of them present or former pupils of the above-named institution.

The attendant of the bride, Miss Mary Boyd, from Harrison county, was as modest, beautiful and elegantly dressed a lady as adorns any

drawing room. She was formerly a class-mate of the bride. Other young ladies who were mutes were present, who attracted marked attention by their personal charms as well by their superior intelligence. Young gentlemen, also, were not wanting, of fine appearances, education and manners, to lend interest to the occasion. In addition to the mutes who were present, from intercourse with the family of the bride, or in some other way, had become familiar with the sign language, so that the conversation of the evening was held chiefly in the beautiful pantomime of the deaf and dumb.

But that which perhaps gave the most peculiar interest to the occasion was the fact that the marriage ceremony was celebrated in the sign language of the deaf and dumb. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. S. B. Cheek, Vice-Principal of our State Institution at Danville. Not a word was heard during the whole ceremony—the prayer, the propounding of the marriage covenant, the benediction, and the blessing at the wedding feast, were all performed in the graceful and eloquent though voiceless language of gesture, which may be termed the vernacular of the deaf and dumb. The mutes who were present all testified their peculiar delight, saying that they had often witnessed marriages before, but had never understood what was actually said and done until this occasion. It was taken altogether, emphatically a mute festival, in which all parties present were delighted, and which furnished a most striking exemplification of what has been done and can be done for the unfortunate mute.

—From the Louisville Journal.

From Chambers' Journal.

LOUIS XVI ON THE SCAFFOLD.

HISTORIANS of all political shades have till recently told us that Louis XVI. submitted himself with pious resignation to the fate which awaited him; and that, attended to the scaffold by the courageous Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont,* a relative of the late Maria Edgeworth, he tranquilly surrendered his soul into the hands of its Maker, which, as it winged its flight on high, was accompanied by these famous words of the confessor: "*Montez au ciel, fils de Saint Louis!*"—(Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!) But Louis Blanc's *History of the Revolution* gives a version as new and as startling as it is opposite and extraordinary.

"At ten minutes past ten," he says, "the procession reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the palace of the Tuileries, in the square called after Louis XV., and near the spot where stood the statue of the most corrupt of kings—a king who died tranquilly in his bed. The condemned was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the Temple, he had refused the over-coat which Clery, his valet-de-chambre, had offered him, and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, gray breeches and white stockings. His hair was not disordered, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance. The Abbé de Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept round the scaffold, with cannon on every side; while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stood an unarmed multitude. When the executioner came to open the door of the carriage, Louis, in a tone of authority, ordered him to take care of his confessor. Having alighted, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers who surrounded him, and with a menacing voice, cried: "Silence!" The drums ceased to beat, but, at a signal from their officer, the drummers went on again. "What treason is this?" he shouted. "I am lost! I am lost!" For it is evident that up to this moment he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approaching him to arrange his dress, he repulsed them haughtily, and himself re-

* Firmont is the name of a small estate in the county of Longford, about five miles distant from the seat of the Edgeworth family at Edgeworthstown, celebrated some thirty years ago for a philanthropic college, founded there in 1818 by the late Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, and which was much admired and praised by Sir Walter Scott, while on a visit to Miss Edgeworth during the summer of 1825.

moved the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his frame turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. "Tie my hands!" he shrieked. A struggle was inevitable; it came. "It is indisputable," says Mercier, "that Louis fought with his executioners." The Abbé Edgeworth stood by, perplexed, horrified, speechless. At last, as his master seemed to look inquiringly at him, he said: "Sire, in this additional outrage, I see only a last trait of the resemblance between your majesty and the God who will give you your reward." At these words, the indignation of the man gave way to the humility of the Christian, and Louis said to the executioners: "I will drain the cup to the dregs." They tied his hands, they cut off his hair, and thus leaning on the arm of his confessor, he began, with a slow tread and sunken demeanor, to mount the steps of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he suddenly roused himself, and walked rapidly across to the other side of the scaffold, when, by a sign commanding silence to the drummers, he exclaimed. "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me." His face was very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, "his voice was so loud that it could be heard as far as the Point Tournant." Some other expressions were distinctly heard: "I pardon the authors of my death; and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France!" He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed rolling of the drums, at a signal which, it is affirmed, was given by the comedian Dugazon, in anticipation of the orders of Santerre. "Silence! Be silent!" cried Louis XVI., losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his foot. Richard, one of the executioners, seized a pistol and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter terrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife, which struck off his head. This was immediately shewn by the executioners to the people, who shouted in reply: "Long live the Republic!"

Such is the version of M. Louis Blanc, a French political refugee at present in this country, and we confess we have never before found any thing of the kind in the various accounts we have perused of that great political tragedy of the first French

Revolution. As a contrast to this statement, we shall here produce the narrative we have found in a work published in Paris about two years ago, entitled *Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

"*The Execution.*—People have been accustomed to read the account given of Louis XVI's death by royalist historians; we prefer publishing the article of a republican journal of the time. As the editor of that journal had voted for the death of the king, he felt no sympathy for the victim; and should we possess no other version than the one we quote, the king's last dying moments cannot appear otherwise than truly Christian-like, truly admirable."

The article commences with an account of the prison-hours of Capet, as the republicans called the king, on the day when his sentence of death was notified to him; but as this does not differ materially from that of the common authorities, we pass on to the nearer preparations for the dreadful morrow.

"The minister of justice had brought the confessor with him in his carriage, and when the former withdrew, the king asked for his own family. Thereon, a municipal officer repaired to the females' department, and said to Antoinette: 'Madame, a decree authorizes you to come and see your husband, who is desirous to see you and your children!' At nine that evening the whole family visited him, when there were screams, and tears, and sobs for some time. After that, they were all a little calmer, and separated at half-past ten; but as they were leaving him, the king asked of his guards if he might see his family once more on the morrow-morning, to which he was answered affirmatively, and then he supped by himself. During the family interview, the confessor had been concealed in one of the towers of the Temple prison, but when the family left, he joined Louis Capet. Some time after, this confessor presented himself before the sitting council, and informed them, that as Louis wished mass to be said, it would be expedient to have the necessary things got ready; whereupon the council gave their orders, and the vicar of Saint-François d'Assise supplied all the requisites. Louis supped as usual, spent a part of the night with his confessor, and both retired to rest in different chambers, at two o'clock, Clery receiving Louis' orders to be with him by five. He slept well; and Clery

entered his room at the hour appointed, dressed him, and arranged his hair, which while being done, Louis took from off his watch-chain a wedding-ring, upon which his own and his wife's initials, as well as the date of their marriage, were engraven. At half-past six he heard mass, partook of the sacrament, and spent the rest of the time up till eight o'clock, with his confessor. He then asked for a pair of scissors, which the council, after deliberation, refused him. When the moment of departing for the place of execution arrived, he asked to be left alone for a few minutes. He then handed the small ring mentioned to Clery, saying to him: 'Give this to my wife, and tell her that I separate from her with sorrow and anguish.' He also gave him for his son a silver watch-seal, upon which the crown of France was engraved, and a small packet of the hair of all his family for the queen, adding: 'Say to her that I ask pardon for not having sent for her as I promised; but it was only to spare her the pangs of a cruel separation.' He also wished to hand a paper to one of the municipal guards, who refused taking charge of it; but another of them took it. It was his will and testament. He requested that Clery should be allowed to remain with his family; and then he took his departure with calmness, without being bound, and accompanied by the citizen-lieutenant Labrasse, a sergeant-major of gendarmerie, and his confessor. He was observed asking several times for his hat, which was given to him. When near the staircase, he wanted to speak privately to a person present, but was prevented from so doing by the lieutenant. 'O, fear nothing,' said he. He then descended a flight of steps, and crossed the court-yard on foot, through a double row of gendarmes. When he reached the carriage, which was the mayor's own private one, he went in first, followed by his confessor, and the lieutenant and sergeant-major; the former next to him, and the two latter placing themselves opposite to him. While on the way, he read the prayers for the dying and the Psalms of David. The greatest silence reigned around. On arriving at the Place de la Révolution (the square since called after Louis XV.), he several times recommended his confessor to the special care of the lieutenant, and then alighted. He was instantly given up to the

executioner. He took off his coat and cravat with his own hands, and only kept on his plain, swanskin vest. At first he would not allow his hair to be cut off or his hands to be tied; but after a few words from his confessor he submitted. He then mounted the scaffold, advanced towards the left side, his face being very red, and looking for some minutes on the objects around, inquired if the drums would not cease beating. He wished to go forward to speak to the vast concourse collected, but several voices cried out to the executioners, who were four in number, to do their duty. Nevertheless, while being strapped to the fatal plank, he distinctly pronounced these words: 'I die innocent; and it is my wish that my blood may be of use to the French people, and that it may appease the wrath of Almighty God.' At ten minutes past ten o'clock, his head was severed from his body, and then held up to the people, when from all sides the cry of 'Long live the Republic!' was instantly heard. Louis' remains were placed in an osier pannier, taken off in a cart to the churchyard of the Madeleine, and interred in a grave between two layers of quicklime. A guard was placed over it for a couple of days."—*Les Révolutions de Paris*.

Let the reader "look on this picture and on that," and determine which of the two is the more consistent with the general character and bearing of Louis.

Perhaps we may close this brief notice by following the melancholy contents of that osier pannier to its grave of quicklime, and shewing the anxiety felt even by the regicides to treat the remains of the king with decency and decorum.

"On the 20th of January, 1793," says Renardon, "the executive power communicated to M. Picavez, the vicar of the parish of La Madeleine, their instructions relative to the obsequies of his majesty Louis XVI.; but the worthy vicar, not feeling himself equal to the fulfilling of a task so onerous and so painful, feigned illness, and advised me, as his principal curate, to fill his place, and to take upon myself the responsibility of carrying out the orders of the executive power. My first answer was a positive refusal, because none perhaps ever loved the king

more than myself; but I at last consented, as M. Picavez made me apprehend the disagreeable consequences which might accrue to us both, if I persisted in my refusal. On the morning of the following day, therefore, the 21st of January, after having made sure that every thing ordered by the executive power—such as the quantity of quicklime, and the depth of the grave, which, as well as I can remember, was to be either ten or twelve feet—had been punctually attended to, I went, accompanied by the late Abbé Damoreau, and took up my position at the gate of the church, and there awaited in solemn silence, the arrival of the royal corpse. When I claimed the body of his majesty, the members of the department and of the commune replied to me that they had received orders not to lose sight of it for a moment; so we were obliged to accompany them to the cemetery situated in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré. When we reached and entered it, I obtained profound silence, and then the royal corpse was delivered up to us. It was clad in a white vest (*piqué blanc*), gray silk breeches, and stockings of the same. We chanted the vesper-service, and recited all the prayers in use for the service of the dead; and truth commands me to say that the vast populace around, whose cries and vociferations but so lately rent the air and chilled the heart, listened in the most religious silence to the prayers and orisons offered up for the repose of his majesty's soul. We then withdrew in silence, after so painful a ceremony, and a *procès verbal* (authenticated report) was drawn up on the spot by the judge de paix. On my return to the church, I drew up myself, and inscribed a funeral act, in due form, in a plain register-book, which was seized and carried off by the revolutionary committee, on the compulsory closing of that church."

In the midst of a nicely laid out garden, formerly the cemetery of La Madeleine, at the extreme end of the Rue d'Anjou, and open to the public, stands the Chapelle Expiatoire, erected after the Restoration in memory of Louis XVI.; and even to this day, after the turmoils of revolution and subversion, that expiatory edifice is always crowded on every 21st of January.

From The Examiner.

Etudes Historiques et Biographiques. Par M. le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française.

AMONGST the numerous French writers who have illustrated particular periods of the history of their country, or have detached from it the biographies of its most remarkable men, few names,—none, perhaps—stand higher than that of M. de Barante. His “Lives of the Dukes of Burgundy,” for comprehensiveness, clearness, vigor, picturesque grouping, and instructive detail, may challenge comparison with any modern historical work, while his minor studies and biographical sketches are no less remarkable for their philosophical truth and accuracy of delineation.

The greater number of subjects which M. de Barante has just published, do not now see the light for the first time. They originally constituted a collection which appeared more than twenty years ago, but several new Studies have been added, and some of the most important Biographies are greatly amplified. The author has a predilection for this form of writing, which, indeed, has been received with great favor by the Parisian public, amongst whom the “Causeries de Lundi,” and the “Portraits Littéraires” of M. de Sainte Beuve excited of late such vivid interest. M. de Barante’s confession of faith is thus set forth: “If,” he says,

“In this assemblage of fragments, treating on different subjects and written at different periods, a general direction be apparent, I please myself by thinking that there will be found in it the constant desire to deal with impartial justice, the continual fear of being under the yoke of exclusive opinions and party spirit, the imperious craving for rendering homage to all that is noble in thought and disinterested in action, whatever may be its inspiration and origin. I have always had a great dislike for polemics; the aggressive life of controversy gives birth to excessive opinions, and engenders censorious habits. When I first began to look round me, when the eyes of my reason were opened, I saw that the consequences of exaggerated opinions were so fatal, they had covered France with so many ruins and deluged her with so much blood, the country had paid so dearly for the intoxication of declamation, the delirium of pride, and the irritation of self-love, that it was impossible not to be penetrated with aversion for the excesses of anarchy and tyranny.”

M. de Barante urges that the moderation and impartiality which he advocates bear no resemblance to that inert indifference, now so common, which proceeds either from lassitude, scepticism, interested calculation, or feebleness of character, and he justifies his declaration by what he has here written. There is only one objection to this very calm and impartial style. It is, that it may be carried so far as to deprive the picture of its true force and color, and if M. de Barante exhibits any failure in the present work, it arises from a partial want of those attributes. A partizan writer has always warmth to recommend him, and we should like M. de Barante better if he showed more of the spirit of partizanship.

The personages who figure most conspicuously in M. de Barante’s collection are the principal Vendean chiefs, some of the leading men of the revolution, several of the great soldiers of the republic, and others who served France in a civil capacity, the longest memoir being given to the long and honorable life of the Comte de Saint-Priest. Of the ministerial career of this nobleman, which was confined to the last year in which any freedom of action still remained to Louis the Sixteenth, M. de Barante relates many particulars to show that had his firm and sensible advice been followed, the personal safety of the king and queen might, at least, have been assured; but the mind of Louis was so incapable of decision, the faculty of acting on any boldly-formed resolution was so completely denied him, timidity, credulity, and obstinacy were so mingled in his nature, that to help him effectually was a thing impossible. The frivolous reasons which influenced this right-meaning but weak-minded monarch are well instanced in the following anecdote:

“When the Council of State was called upon to determine in what place the States’ General should assemble, M. Necker was desirous of convoking them in Paris, where he thought to preserve the prestige of his popularity. But historical tradition willed that the States’ General ought never to meet amidst the tumultuous movements which, at so many different periods had agitated the capital. The King listened, but said nothing. It was impossible to divine his opinion from his countenance. Different places were mentioned. Tours, Blois, Orleans, Cambrai; each city was named in turn, but Louis remained silent. The Council then proposed

Compiègne, and M. de Saint Priest, urging complaisance to a point of which he felt ashamed, suggested Saint Germain. Arrived at this point the King spoke. 'It can only be at Versailles,' he said, 'on account of the hunting.'

It is pleasant to turn from this picture of futility to sketches of men whose lives were all energy and vigor. Such men were the Vendéans Cathelineau, Bonchamp, the Prince de Talmond, Henri de la Rochejaquelein; such was General Desaix, the right hand of Napoleon; such also was St. Cyr.

Marshal Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, the companion-in-arms of Desaix, and ranking almost equal with him in the estimation of the army, supplies M. de Barante with a very interesting biography. The early tendencies of this distinguished soldier led him to the cultivation of the fine arts, and in the year 1780, when only eighteen years of age, he went to Rome to study on his own account. In that city he remained two years; he then travelled through Italy and Sicily, and finally returned to Paris in 1784, where he mingled amongst the *ateliers* and led the life of an artist, becoming the pupil of Brenier, a painter now forgotten. It does not seem, however, that the future Marshal ever produced any pictures of his own composition; he was unable to satisfy himself with his own work, and uncertain, indeed, as to whether he should become a painter or an architect. While in this uncertainty the Revolution came to give a decided direction to most men's minds. Young Gouvion—he at first bore his mother's name—had no very marked political opinions, but such as he had were favorable to the changes organized in the Constituent Assembly on the 14th of July, 1792. He had a relation who was major-general of the National Guard of Paris, another who was aide-de-camp of La Fayette, and he was placed on the general staff, but after the events of the 10th of August he enrolled himself, with several other officers of the National Guard, in one of the battalions which the Executive Council called to the defence of the country. He had at last hit upon his real profession, and here is the way in which he first brought himself into notice:

"On the 1st of September, 1792, Gouvion-Saint-Cyr entered the first battalion of republican *chasseurs*, but all his comrades were not animated by the same generous sentiments that had decided his vocation.—

Amongst the newly raised troops were a number of the veriest scamps of Paris, and their progress to join the army was marked by license and want of discipline. The battalion to which Saint-Cyr belonged was destined to recruit the force of Custine at Mayence. The General had been informed of the excesses they had committed on the march. He loved his soldiers and treated them like his children, but he was a strict disciplinarian. Forming the battalion into a hollow square he began to address them: 'You are a parcel of blackguards,' he said.—'Not all of us, interrupted a voice from the ranks. Custine demanded to know who was the speaker, and a captain, elected to that post by his comrades, stepped forward: he was a tall man, with a distinguished air, and grave and intellectual features. Custine entered into conversation with him, and finding that he was well educated, had travelled, and knew how to draw, placed him at once on the staff."

This captain was Saint-Cyr, and he soon became conspicuous for those qualities which are so necessary to a staff officer—exactness and rapidity of *coup d'œil*, skill to discern the advantages or defects of military positions, an intuitive appreciation of the best lines of march, and the capacity for discovering the weak points of the enemy. Thus endowed, Saint-Cyr rose rapidly, and in the month of November, 1793, we find him already the chief of the staff of General Férino, and directing the operations of his division. The organization of the republican army was very different from that which had characterized the armies of Louis the Fifteenth, thirty years before. Rank was then attained through birth and favor, without the slightest knowledge of warfare, and the greater part of the generals who were employed, knowing their own incapacity, and fearing failure, made a point of undertaking nothing. This *fainéant* system was so thoroughly understood, that upon one occasion the Marshal de Broglie having sent an order to the Count de Guerchi to execute some particular movement, and being certain that the latter would raise difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, wrote beforehand his reply to the letter which was to inform him of the Count's reasons for not having executed the order, and when the aide-de-camp arrived with M. de Guerchi's report, Marshal Broglie's answer was placed in his hands. Saint-Cyr was not a man of this stamp, nor indeed were any of the soldiers of the Republic. They were a

new race of men, in whom the true principles of the military art were suddenly developed. Knowing the country well into which he was called to operate, he soon established a high reputation, and when he explained the combinations which he had conceived, the usual remark was, "Saint-Cyr is playing at chess." This reputation for strategy became so widely known that Hentz, the deputy from the Convention, resolved to make the young staff-officer a general. "But," said Saint-Cyr, objecting, "I am a cousin of Gouvion, the friend of La Fayette." "No matter," replied the representative, "one scamp in a family does not prevent the rest from serving their country," and Saint-Cyr at once received his high promotion, due chiefly to the services which he rendered at Geisberg in December, 1793, when Hoche compelled the Austrians to recross the Rhine. A series of brilliant services followed, which, seven years afterwards, were rewarded by a sabre of honor from the First Consul, who named him the first of his lieutenants in the army of Italy, where, in the interim, Saint-Cyr had greatly distinguished himself. But before the battle of Marengo was fought, Saint-Cyr disproved the somewhat disparaging remark of Moreau, that "with Desaix battles were always won; with Saint-Cyr they were never lost." Before he withdrew from Moreau's army he found himself in a dangerous position, opposed to a far superior force, upon whose presence his commander-in-chief had not calculated. He at once assumed the offensive, and fell successively on both wings of the Austrian army, which was separated by a hill. General Kray, who commanded the Austrians, abandoned his magazines at Biberach, and had two thousand men taken prisoners. That day was always a glorious *souvenir* for Saint-Cyr.

But high as Saint-Cyr stood in the opinion of Napoleon, he was not included in the list of the eighteen marshals of France whom the Emperor created on his accession to the supreme power in 1804. He was too independent, and lent himself too little to political intrigue for this to be a surprise to those who knew by what process the highest distinctions were gained. He was, however, appointed Colonel-General of the Cuirassiers, a Grand Officer of the Empire, and a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. He also received employment under Massena in Italy, where he

commanded the left wing of the army, and at Castel Franco, with an inferior force, defeated the Prince de Rohan, making him prisoner with all his men. At a later period came the war in Spain, where, like most of the French Generals, his successes were not commensurate with his abilities. Placed in a false position by Augereau, who pleaded ill-health for not taking command of the army before Girona, he resigned his own command, and for this act of independence he was censured by the Minister of War, and ordered to remain in arrest on his estate, with the deprivation of his military appointments. Saint-Cyr offered no protest against this severity, and passed two years in this species of exile, but in 1811, on the distribution of favors consequent on the birth of the King of Rome, he was recalled to the Council of State, and all his appointments, with their arrears, were restored. In the fatal expedition to Russia Saint-Cyr held a high command; he was wounded, for the first time, at Polotsk, on the banks of the Dwina, and ten days later, defeating the Russians in a pitched battle, where he was again severely wounded, he at length received the *bâton* of a Marshal, the last which Napoleon ever conferred.

After the retreat from Moscow the newly-made Marshal was attacked by typhus fever, his wounds broke out afresh, and he returned to France, where he remained till summoned to Dresden, a few days before the battle of Bautzen. On that occasion he would have held an important command, but was seized with an apoplectic fit, fell down senseless, remained without consciousness for several hours, and would doubtless have died if in falling he had not received a severe wound from which the blood abundantly flowed. As soon as he recovered he was appointed to the command of the army of conscripts newly arrived from France, and was ordered to occupy Dresden and Pirna, while Napoleon marched on Leipsic. After the Emperor had been defeated there, Saint-Cyr received instructions to make conditions, and a capitulation was signed with the Russian generals Tolstoy and Klenau, which Prince Schwartzenberg, the generalissimo of the allied armies, subsequently refused to ratify. Saint-Cyr protested, but in vain; he was made prisoner with his men, and sent to Carlsbad. This news was announced by the Emperor to a committee of

general officers assembled to confer on plans for the defence of the French territory. "Thirty thousand men have been lost to us by this act," said they. "Worse than that," returned Napoleon, "we have lost Saint-Cyr." The marshal, detained a prisoner of war, did not return to France till after the fall of the Empire.

Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr was one who served France, and not the emperor only. When the Restoration took place he was summoned to the council of Louis the Eighteenth. He upheld the cause of the king as long as it was possible, declined re-employment under Napoleon, proffered advice respecting the defence of Paris after Waterloo, but refused to take the command when his opinions were not adopted, and finally, on the second return of Louis the Eighteenth

accepted the post of Minister of War. In that capacity he rendered eminent services to the army for upwards of three years, when he retired with the cabinet of the Duke de Richelieu. The remainder of his life was past in retirement, agriculture and the preparation of his memoirs occupying his time. He died at Hyères in 1830, of an attack of apoplexy, his last words, when a refreshing drink was offered him, being, "Ah, why cannot every one of our poor soldiers have the same: what good it would do them!"

We have dwelt upon Marshal Saint-Cyr's career because it is that of a thoroughly conscientious man, who was guided all his life by a sentiment of duty rather than by the desire for glory, or the thirst of ambition. We shall return to this book for an extract or two.

THE Select Committee of Woolwich Arsenal, accompanied by some naval officers of experience and a number of the Royal Artillery garrison, assembled in the Plumstead-marshes for the purpose of witnessing a final experiment with Martin's shells. These shells were brought under the consideration of Government on the 1st of April, 1856, and have since undergone four experimental trials. Yesterday's trial was conducted by the inventor himself, who is a manufacturing founder residing at Blackwell. The shells, employed on the different occasions have been of various dimensions so as to contain from 28lb. to 48lb. of fluid metal. The butt yesterday was the old 36-gun frigate, fitted out with upper and orlop decks, as used on the former trials, which, having been renovated, and the upper deck covered and strengthened with the addition of a number of gun carriages, looked really like a ship at sea. The gun, a 68-pounder of 8-inch calibre, fired five shots filled with the burning liquid at a distance of 900 yards from the object, two of which penetrated the broadside facing the gun. The result was perceptible immediately after the first shot was fired, as smoke was observed issuing from the portholes on either side. The third shot fell slightly short of the mark, burst, and cast its destructive contents with fearful effect on the ship, and the other two shots were embedded in the ground without striking the target. A powerful engine from the Royal Arsenal, already in attendance, was then ordered to pour a stream of water over the burning ship, but this appeared only to revive the flames, which burst forth with rabid fury, notwithstanding the heavy rain, which had completely saturated the timbers, and which even then partially continued. After the utmost exertions on the part of the firemen to subdue the progress of the flames the pumps were ordered to

be withdrawn, and the ship's timbers were shortly reduced to a few blackened and charred planks.—*Times*.

THE TURN OF LIFE.—Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a stand-still. But athwart this is a viaduct, called the "Turn of Life," which if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety, with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life," is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in. —*The Science of Life by a Physician*.

CHAPTER XXXIII. —MY PATIENT.

"WITH the blessing of Allah! rub the palms of her hands with saffron!"

"Allah-Allah! Allah-Allah!—tickle the soles of her feet with feathers!"

"It is destiny! In the name of the Prophet, pour cold water down her back!"

"Room for the Frankish Hakim!" "May dogs defile the grave of the Giaour!"

Such were the exclamations that followed me into the apartment of Zuleika; for the Moslem daughters of Eve are not exempt to the curiosity attributed by tradition to the common mother; and have, moreover, superinduced on that pardonable failing certain prejudices of their own against the Christian unbeliever, whom, even when availing themselves of his assistance, they do not scruple to curse fluently, spitting the while between their teeth with considerable energy and effect.

Pending the application of their customary remedies, which in my ignorance of fainting-fits I judged to be the professional course of treatment, the ladies of the harem crowded and chattered at the door, peering over each other's shoulders, advancing a step into the apartment, retiring in confusion with a giggle and a scream, flirting atrociously with their negro guards—men of ebony without and ice within, as indeed they had need be—and otherwise to the best of their abilities increasing the general confusion.

One alone came boldly forward to my assistance; venerable she was, but a dame whom age, though it had deprived her of the charms, had not robbed her of the enchanting timidity of youth.

In her efforts to assist the sufferer she had cast her veil aside, but true to Oriental modesty she scrupulously covered her mouth* (and a very black set of teeth) with her hand even while she addressed me. Authoritative in her manner, and evidently accustomed to despotic sway in this part of the establishment, I confess I sincerely pitied the Pasha to whom this energetic lady must for several years have belonged. She came close up to me, tore the yash-mak from Zuleika's face, and exclaimed in tones which admitted of no dispute—

* A curious custom peculiar to the sex all over the East. The veil, indeed, seems only adopted as a screen for the mouth, since the eyes are suffered to flash undimmed by its transparent folds. Should a Turkish woman be surprised by chance without her yash-mak, she immediately clasps her hand to her lips, and so remains till the male stranger has passed by.

"Bring otto of roses to anoint our dove; strip her at once from head to foot; and kick the Giaour down stairs!"

It was now time to assume a dignified authority. I waved away the uncompromising old lady with the air of a magician dismissing his familiar; I ordered the lattice to be immediately thrown open—fortunately it looked towards the East, which was considered much to enhance the virtue of the breeze that stole through its aperture—and taking advantage of the returning animation which dawned on Zuleika's countenance, I repeated an incantation in English—if I remember right it was the negro melody of "*Oh, Sussannah!*" accompanying the monotonous tones with appropriate gestures, until my patient opened her languishing black eyes, glanced heavily around her, and sitting upright on her couch announced herself completely recovered.

My popularity was now at the flood. Had I administered the simple remedies which I have since been informed are beneficial in such cases, I should, however successful, have been looked upon merely in the light of a common practitioner; but that the lady should recover to the tones of a popular air, accompanied by a deportment of ludicrous solemnity, constituted a success which stamped me at once as a proficient in the Black Art, and won for me unqualified obedience and respect, not wholly devoid of fear.

To take advantage of the happy moment, I pulled my watch from my pocket, and placing my finger on the patient's wrist, bid the imperious dame aforesaid remark how the pulsations corresponded with the ticks of that instrument. This, too, was a great discovery and the watch was handed round for examination to all the curious inmates of the harem in turn.

I then ordered the room to be cleared, and insisted that I should be left alone with my patient until the minute-hand of my watch had reached the favorable hour.

This I knew would give me five minutes' conversation with Zuleika, and as I expected the Pasha home at every instant, I could not afford more than this short space of time to give my friend the Beloochee's message and plead his cause. The room was speedily cleared, not however without much laughing, screaming, and scuffling in the passage. As

soon as I was alone with Zuleika, I whispered gently in her ear not to be afraid, but to trust me, as I came from him she loved best in the world.

The girl started, and began to tremble violently; she was so pale that I dreaded another fainting fit, and the consequent destruction of my reputation as a doctor. Though an Arab, she was a *woman*; and at this crisis of her destiny was of course paralyzed by fear and totally incapable of acting for herself. Had her emotion mastered her once more, the golden opportunity would have been lost; there was nothing for it but to work upon her feelings, and I proceeded in a tone of indifference—

"You have forgotten him. He bids me say that 'the rose has been transplanted into a garden of purer air and cooler streams: he has seen with his own eyes that she is blooming and fragrant, and he is satisfied. He rejoices in your happiness, and bids you farewell!'"

She burst into a flood of tears; her woman's heart was touched, as I hoped it would be, by the sentiment I had put into her lover's mouth, and the relief thus afforded brought her composure and self-command. She came of a race, too, that never lacked courage or fortitude, and the wild desert-blood soon mantled once more in her rich soft cheek—the tameless spirit of the Bedouin soon flashed again from her large dark eyes.

"Effendi!" she replied, in a firm though mournful voice, "my father's daughter can never forget. Bid him think no more of the rose he cherished so fondly. She has been plucked from the stem, and now she is drooping and withering away."

"But Allah suffers not the flowers to perish," I proceeded in Oriental metaphor, while she clasped her slender hands and seemed to look through me with her glittering eyes. "He sends the dews from Heaven to refresh them at night. A wild bird will sing to the rose before dawn, and she will open her petals and bloom once more fresh and glistening in the morning sun. Zuleika, have you completely forgotten Ali Mesrour?"

At the sound of his name a soft saddened expression stole over her eager face, large drops gathered in her drooping eyelashes, and it was with a thrilling voice that she replied—"Never! never! once more to see him,

only once more to hear his voice, and so to die! so to die!" she repeated, looking dreamily as if into the hopeless future.

"It is destiny," was my answer. "There is but one Allah! An hour before dawn there will be a *caïque* at the garden-gate. Zuleika must contrive the rest. The risk is great, but 'the diver cannot fetch pearls without wetting his hair.' Will Zuleika promise?"

"I promise!" was all she had time to reply, for at this instant no slight commotion was heard in the household, and looking from the casement I perceived an eight-oared *caïque* brought alongside of the palace-steps, from which a pipe-bearer springing rapidly ashore, followed by a more sedate personage, evidently a *kedtib* or secretary, heralded the great man of the party, who, emerging from the shade of a white silk umbrella, hitherto held carefully over him by a third official, now labored majestically up the marble steps pausing occasionally to draw a long breath, and looking round him the while with an air of corpulent satisfaction that no one but a Turk could imitate with the slightest prospect of success.

It was indeed the Pasha himself—the fortunate possessor of the magnificent dwelling, the owner of all these negro slaves, this gorgeous retinue, these beautiful women—and more still, the lord and master of poor Zuleika. I thought it better to meet him on the threshold than to risk his astonishment and displeasure by awaiting his entrance into the harem; accordingly I hurried down to the courtyard of his palace, and presented myself before him with a mixture of Eastern courtesy and European self-respect, such as never fails to impress a Turk with the feeling that in presence of a Frank he is himself but of an inferior order of mankind.

"*Salaam Effendi!*" was the observation of the proprietor, as polite and unmoved as if he had expected me all day. "You are welcome! My house with all it contains is at your disposal!" He motioned me courteously into a large handsome apartment on the ground-floor of the palace, bid me be seated, and clapping his palms together, called for pipes and coffee; then placing himself comfortably on the divan, he crossed his hands over his stomach, and repeated, "You are welcome!" after which he sat perfectly silent, nodding his head from side to

side, and peering curiously at me out of his small twinkling gray eyes.

He was an enormously fat man, buttoned up of course into the usual single-breasted frock-coat, on the outside of which glittered the diamond order of the Medjidjie. His huge shapeless legs were encased in European trousers of the widest dimensions, and terminated in varnished Wellington boots, from which he had just cast off a pair of india-rubber goloshes. It was the modern Turkish costume, affected by the Sultan himself, and a dress so ill-adapted for the dog-days at Constantinople can hardly be imagined; yet every official, every dignitary, every military man, is now clad in these untoward habiliments, for which they have discarded the picturesque draperies of their ancestors; so that the fine old Turk, "shawled to the eyes, and bearded to the nose," is only to be seen in Stamboul amongst the learned professions and the inferior orders of tradesmen and mechanics. A red fez was the single characteristic article of clothing worn by the Pasha; and a more villainous expression of countenance than that which it overshadowed, it has seldom been my lot to confront. We stared at each other without speaking. It would have been ill-bred on the part of my host to ask me what I wanted, and I should have been guilty of an equal solecism in entering on my business until I had partaken of the customary refreshment.

Coffee was ere long brought in by negro slaves armed to the teeth, and of savage scowling aspect. It was served in delicate filigree cups, set with priceless diamonds. Long chibouques were then filled and lighted. As I pressed the pure amber to my lips and inhaled the fragrant aroma of the narcotic weed, I resolved to brazen it out manfully; but never, never again to find myself in such another scrape, no, not for all the warriors in Beloochistan, nor all the "Zuleikas" that ever eloped with them from the desert.

I thought I would say nothing of my visit to the harem. I judged, and rightly, that neither the ladies themselves, nor the negroguard, whose duty it was to watch over those caged birds, would be over-anxious to communicate the breach of discipline which had just been enacted, and that, although the secret was sure to ooze out in the course of a day or two, it was needless to anticipate the turmoil and disturbance which would attend its discovery.

But what excuse to make for my ill-timed visit? How to account for my intrusion on the leisure of so great a man as Papoosh Pasha, one of the half-dozen highest dignitaries of the Empire, the friend and counsellor of the Sultan himself, even then fresh from the sacred precincts of the Seraglio Palace, where he had been helping sundry other ponderous Pashas to mismanage the affairs of his country, and to throw dust in the eyes of the enervated voluptuary who held the reins of power in a sadly palsied grasp. I too must take a leaf out of the book of Asiatic duplicity. I had seen a shipload of wounded dropping her anchor as I came along; there must have been another attack on the stronghold at Sebastopol—I was pretty safe in surmising, with no satisfactory result. I would pretend then that I had been sent to inform his Excellency of the particulars, and accordingly I puffed forth a volume of pure white smoke towards the ceiling, and advanced under cover of the discharge.

"His Highness has sent me hither in haste to inform your Excellency of the great news from the front. Am I too late to be the fortunate bearer, or has your Excellency already heard the particulars from the Elshie?" *

He darted a keen, suspicious glance at me, and replied gravely enough, "The war goes on prosperously in the front. We shall yet sweep 'the Moscov' from the face of the earth!"

"I am desired to inform your Excellency," I resumed, determined to persevere at all hazards, "that the Allies have again attacked the place. The Moscov came out in great numbers to repel the assault; the French have suffered severely; the Turkish troops covered the retreat with great gallantry and steadiness; fifteen hundred Russians remained dead upon the field; many more are disabled; Sebastopol must surrender within ten days."

"Mashallah!" replied the Pasha, laying his pipe down by his side; but for the life of me I could not make out whether or not he believed a word I had been telling him.

"Have I fulfilled my duty to your Excellency?" I continued, becoming every moment more and more anxious to make my escape. "I am at your Excellency's disposal; I am

* The ambassador.

the humblest of your slaves. Have I your permission to depart?"

He looked uneasily around, but there seemed no apparent excuse for delay. It was evident to me that he wished to communicate with his retainers, but that his politeness forbade him to do so in my presence, and a Turk never allows any emergency to make him forget the exigencies of etiquette. He bade me farewell with much cordiality, ordered a horse to be got ready to carry me home, and dismissed me with many expressions of affection, but with the same fierce twinkle in that cunning leaden eye that had already more than once warned me to beware.

Many and devoted were the Pasha's retainers; hundreds slept on his mats, and followed at his heels, but I question whether I, the poor nameless Interpreter, could not command a greater amount of affection, courage, and fidelity, in the breast of my one trusty, fourfooted slave and companion, than existed in the whole retinue, black and white, of the Oriental dignitary.

Bold had followed me through my wanderings, faced with me many of the dangers of warfare, and shared in all its privations. The old dog was getting very time-worn now, quite grizzled about the muzzle, and ludicrously solemn, both in countenance and demeanor. To the world in general his temper was anything but conciliatory, and it required little provocation to make him set his mark on man or beast that affronted him; but with me he was always the same, obedient, devoted, and affectionate. He accompanied me everywhere, and would wait for hours in the court-yards of the Seraskerâ or the Embassy, till his master emerged from the long-watched portal, when he would rise, give himself a lazy shake, and stalk on gravely by my side, occasionally thrusting his wet cold nose into my hand, and scowling at all strangers, even of his own species, with a very ominous "*noli me tangere*" expression, that forbade the slightest approach to familiarity.

Now the dog is an unclean animal to the Mussulman, and although his life is spared, as being the authorized scavenger of the streets, the true disciple of the Prophet scrupulously shuns all contact with the brute that the Christian loves to train as a servant and cherish as a friend. There is a curious, old Arabic legend, which, although not to be

found in the Koran, is recognized by the Faithful as a trustworthy tradition, and to believe in which is an essential point of doctrine by the devout, that accounts for this unkindly superstition. Freely translated, it runs much in the following fashion:

"When Allah had created the land and the sea, the mountains, the forests, the flowers, and the precious stones, he looked, and behold there was beauty and silence all over the earth.

"Then Allah created the birds and the beasts and the fishes; all things that swim, and creep, and fly, and run, and every living thing rejoiced in the sunshine.

"So Allah rested from his work in the Garden of Eden, by the Fôur Rivers, and looked around him, and behold the whole earth was astir in the forepart of the day.

"Then the breeze blew, and the waters laughed and rippled, and the birds sang, and the blossoms fell.

"So the angels smiled, and said, Praise be to Allah. It is ver, good—Allah! Bismillah!

"Then Allah saw that there were none of the inhabitants of earth that could smile as the angels smiled, or walk erect and praise him with the face to heaven.

"For the steed was grazing downward, and the lion lay couched in his lair, and the eagle, though she turned her eye to the sun, had neither praise nor smile.

"Then Allah took clay, and moistened it, and fashioned it till the sun went down.

"And Allah rested from his work, and left it in the Garden of Eden, by the Great Tree, where the Four Rivers spring.

"Now Gabriel walked in the garden, and he stopped where the work of Allah lay plastic on the sward, and the star shone bright on his forehead, for he praised Allah in his heart.

"And Shaitân came to walk in the garden, to cool his brow, and he stopped over against Gabriel and mocked.

"And Shaitân said, 'What is this, that I may know it, and name it and claim my share in it for my own?'

"And Gabriel answered, 'Praise be to Allah! who has made all things well. This is Allah's work, and it shall be the perfection of all. Bismillah!'

"Then Shaitân laughed once more, and he turned the image over with his foot, so that

it stood on all-fours, with its face to the dust, and spat upon it, and said, 'It is empty! On my eyes be it!'

"And in the morning there was silence in Eden, for the work of Allah had been defiled.

"And Allah said, 'This is the doing of Shaitán. Behold I will make of it yet another brute, and it shall be called the Dog, and be accursed.

"And I will take another clay, and fashion another image that shall smile as the angels smile, and walk erect with its face to heaven, and I will call it Man.'

"And Shaitán cowered behind the Great Tree and listened to the voice of Allah, and though he trembled, he smiled.

"For Shaitán knew that he would have his share in the Man as in the beast."

Poor Bold, unconscious of his excommunication, hurried up to me in the court-yard of the Pasha's palace, where a fine horse, richly caparisoned, was being brought alongside the mounting-block for my use. In doing so the dog's tail, waving to greet his master, touched the hand of a tall, forbidding-looking negro that stood by, grinning from ear to ear, as is the custom of his countrymen. The black swore a great oath, and kicked my dog savagely in the jaws. As Bold pinned him by the leg, I caught him such a buffet under the ear as knocked him fairly

into the dust; from which abject position he embraced my feet and called me "his father." With some little difficulty I rated Bold off his prostrate foe, and mounting my horse, or rather the Pasha's, rode quietly to my hotel, where I dismissed the steed, and the groom who had accompanied him on foot, with a "*baksheesh*," and thought nothing more of the transaction. "A word and a blow" is a common proceeding in Constantinople as at Donnybrook fair, though it leads to far different results; inasmuch as in the former abode of despotic authority and slavish submission, it is very generally the only argument that is capable of enforcing proper subordination and respect.

It is seldom that a man loses his temper, even under the greatest provocation, without having cause, sooner or later, to regret his want of self-command. There are few of our fellow-creatures so unimportant that it is not worth while to conciliate them, none that may not sometime have it in their power to inflict on us an injury; besides, an angry man is only less contemptible than a frightened one. And, like every thing else that is unchristianlike, it is surely ungentlemanlike to put oneself in a passion. There was not much in knocking down a negro slave for his brutality towards my favorite, yet, ere long, I had cause bitterly to rue that I had not let him alone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—"MESSIRIE'S."

A NARROW street, paved with the roughest and sharpest of flints, debouching into three other streets even less commodious than itself; a Turkish sentry dozing torpid at his post—half-a-dozen *hamauls** clad in rough, frieze jackets and wide pantaloons of the same material, gathered in at the knee, scratching their brown, herculean legs, and examining their broad, flat feet, as they recline against a dirty, dead wall, and interchange their jests with a degree of humor foreign to our English ideas of Turkish gravity—a rascally-looking dragoman in a black, frock coat and a fez, rolling a cigarette, prepared to cheat, rob, swindle, or lie, at the shortest notice, a slave to every sensual vice except drunkenness, and speaking all the languages on earth in bad Italian—a brace of English jack-tars, a-fire with raki, trolling out "Cheer, boys, cheer," and a stray Zouave,

* Porters.

equally exhilarated, joining in chorus; a T. G., or travelling gent., with nascent beard, and towel wound turban-wise around his straw-hat, wishing himself in Pall Mall, and indignant at the natives, who call him "*Johnny*."

The REAL thing from the Crimea, in a curiously worn-out, shell jacket, patched and darned, stained and tarnished, with a bronzed face, a bushy beard of two years' growth, and a slight limp that for the rest of his life will bid him "remember the fifth of November," and the turning of the tide upon the declivity of Inkermann.

Two or three English merchants, like crows, to be seen all over the world, and everywhere in the same dress, with white shirts and honest, broad-cloth coats that remind one of home; a Queen's messenger, with tweed shooting-jacket and official forage-cap, clean shaved and clean looking, after the

bad passage and gale of wind he is sure at all seasons to encounter in the Mediterranean, a miracle to us *habitués* of the place, being actually as fresh from London as yonder copy of *The Times* newspaper, which came with him by the same mail, the only unfeathered biped in creation that thoroughly carries out the idea of "Here today, gone to-morrow."—Such are the concomitants of the scene upon which I enter at the door of Messirie's hotel, that well-known rendezvous in Pera, where congregate all that have any connexion with the mother-country; a place where every rumor is to be heard, with its latest embellishments, and where, for the sum of seventeen francs a day, I can command a moderate breakfast, a dinner, into the components of which it is better not to inquire, and a murky bedroom where the fierce musquito shall drain my life-blood all the weary night.

"Is Major Manners in the hotel?" I inquired, as I threw myself off the Pasha's horse, and, glancing at a face in the street very like that of the man I knocked down some three-quarters of an hour ago, reflect what a family resemblance reigns amongst the wretched sons of Ham. Bold in his worst of humors, and growls ominously. "Is Major Manners here?" I repeat, and three Greek servants, with an abortive attempt to pronounce the Frankish name, shrug their shoulders and open their hands to express the hopeless imbecility in which they rejoice. I perceive a stout man in a white hat, picking his teeth unconcernedly in the passage, and, recognizing him for the master, I apply at once for the information I require. He looks contemptuously at me in reply, and, turning his broad back upon me, walks off without deigning to take any further notice of a customer; but I have been here before, and I know there is balm in Gilead. I know that in a certain little room on the left I shall find the hostess, and that she, the mainstay and prop of the establishment, will spare no pains to assist a countryman. Kindly Madame Messirie! always ready to aid one in a difficulty, always busy, always good-humored, always so thoroughly English, it was quite refreshing to hear the tones of your homely voice and fancy oneself in the "White Lion," or the "Blue Bear," or some other pleasant hostelry with post-horses and a bar, and an ostler's bell, far away in merry England.

"Vere Egerton! can that be you?" said a voice that I thought I recognized, as I entered the *sanctum* in which the hostess reigned supreme. "Little Egerton, as I'm alive, grew out of knowledge, and doubtless by this time a Pasha with three tails, and a true Believer. Tell me all about the process of conversion and the tenets of your faith."

It was indeed Ropsley,—Ropsley the Guardsman—Ropsley the dandy, but how altered! The attenuated *roué* of former days had grown large and muscular, his face was brown and healthy, his forehead frank and open, the clear grey eye was brighter and quicker than it used to be; it had caught the ready, eager glance of those who look death habitually in the face, but had lost much of the cruel, calculating, leaden expression I remembered so well. Despite his worn-out uniform, the rents in which showed here and there a red flannel shirt,—despite his close-cropped hair and flowing beard,—I could not but confess to myself, as I grasped his hand, that Ropsley looked ten years younger and ten times handsomer than when I saw him last.

Yes, I met him cordially, and as an old friend. 'Tis true he had been my greatest enemy, 'tis true he had inflicted on me a wound, the scar of which I felt I should carry to my grave; but months had passed away since then; months, which, crowding events upon events, had seemed like years; months of danger, labor, hardship, and tribulation. Of what avail is suffering if it does not soften and purify the heart? Why are those that mourn blessed, if it is not that they learn the bitter lesson grief alone can teach? My task had been a hard one—how hard none knew save the poor humbled scholar who conned it day by day, and blistered the page with his tears; but I had conquered it at last, and so I freely forgave Ropsley, and clasped him by the hand.

"You dine here, of course," he said, in his old half-humorous, half-sarcastic voice. "Madame Messirie, princess of Pera, and queen of my soul, order a place to be set for my friend the Pasha, and lots of champagne to be put in ice. I have only just come down from the front; I have scarcely had a decent dinner, or seen a silver fork, for a year and a-half. It's an endless business, this, Egerton; hammer, hammer, hammer, yet nothing

comes of it, and the old place looks whiter and more inviting than ever, but we *can't get in!*"

"And the Mamelon?" said I, eager for the last news from the spot to which millions of hearts were reaching, all athirst for hope.

"Got it at last," was his reply, "at least, our neighbors have; I hope they'll keep it. We made a sad mess last week, Egerton; lost no end of men, and half our best officers. Whew! I say nothing, only mark my words, if ever—but there's the bell! Never mind the siege now. War's a mistake, but dinner (if you can get it) never deceives you." And so saying, the *ci-devant* dandy patted me on the back, and pushed me before him into the well-lighted and now crowded *salon*.

In that strange country, so thoroughly Asiatic, which we call Turkey in Europe, there were so few links to connect us with the life of civilization which seems to have passed from us like a dream, that it was no wonder we clung to Messirie's hotel and thronged its *table d'hôte* with a constancy and devotion less to be attributed to its own intrinsic merits than to the associations and reminiscences it called forth. Here were to be met all the gallant fellows who were going to or coming from, the front. Heroes, whose names were destined to gild the page of history, might here be seen drinking bad tea, and complaining of the butter like ordinary mortals; but always in the highest spirits, as men seem invariably to be during the short lulls of a campaign. When you are likely to be shot next Monday-week, if you have small hopes, you have few anxieties. Here, too, you might sit opposite a diplomatist, who was supposed to know the innermost secrets of the Court at Vienna, and to be advised of what "the Austrians meant to do," whilst rubbing shoulders with you as he helped himself to fish, and confronting the man of ciphers, some heroic refugee, Pole, Croat, or Hungarian, whose name was in every journal in Europe, as it was inscribed on every military post in Austria or Russia, munched away with a capital appetite, and appeared only conspicuous for the extreme modesty and gentleness of his demeanor. Contractors of every nation jabbered in every language; nor was the supple Armenian, grafting the bold spirit of European speculation on his own Oriental duplicity, wanting to

grasp his share of the plunder, which John Bull was so magnanimously offering as a premium to every description of fraud. Even the softer sex was not without its representatives. Two or three high-born English ladies, whose loving hearts had brought them hovering as near the seat of war as it was possible for a non-combatant to venture, daily shed the light of their presence at the dinner-table, and were silently welcomed by many a bold spirit with a degree of chivalrous enthusiasm, of which, anxious and preoccupied, they were but little aware. A man must have been living for months among men, must have felt his nature gradually *brutalizing* amidst the hardships, the sufferings, and the horrors of war, thoroughly to appreciate the softening influence of a woman's, and especially of a *country-woman's* society. Even to look on those waving white dresses, those gentle English faces, with their blooming cheeks and rich brown hair, was like a draught of water to a pilgrim in a weary land. It reminded us of home—of those we loved—and we went our way into the desert a thought saddened perhaps, yet, for all that, kindlier and happier men.

"What a meeting!" exclaimed Manners, as, gorgeously arrayed in the splendors of a full-dress uniform, he took his seat by my side and shook hands with Ropsley, who returned his greeting with a cordial pressure and a look of quiet amusement in his eye that almost upset my gravity: "Everdon at Constantinople!" continued our former usher; "we only want De Rohan to make our gathering quite perfect!"

I winced, and for the first time in my life I saw Ropsley color, but Manners was too much occupied to notice the emotion of either of us; for, during his many visits to Constantinople, the dashing officer of Bash-Bazouks had made such numerous acquaintances, and become so necessary an ingredient in the society of Pera, that there seemed to be hardly an individual at table, from the *attaché* of the Embassy down to the last-joined officer of the Commissariat, with whom he was not on terms of intimate familiarity. He had scarcely taken his seat and unfolded his dinner-napkin, ere the cross-fire of greetings and inquiries began. Manners, too, in the sunshine of all this popularity, had expanded into a wag; and although his witticisms were of a somewhat profound order, and not

always very apparent to the superficial observer, they were generally well received; for a wag was a scarcer article in Constantinople than at the front.

So Manners proceeds with his dinner in great satisfaction and glory. After a couple of glasses of champagne, he becomes overpoweringly brilliant. He is good enough too to take upon himself the onerous task of drilling the waiters, which he affects in bad French, and of abusing the deficiencies of the *cuisine*; a topic affording indeed ample scope for declamation. The waiters, especially a cunning old Greek, with a most villainous expression of countenance, betray an immense respect for Manners, tinged with an amused sort of amazement, and always help him first.

They bring him a dish of hare, large of limb and venerable in point of years. Our Bashi-Bazouk exclaims indignantly, "*Qu'est que ça ?*"

"*C'est un lièvre M'sieur,*" replies the waiter, with a forced smile, as of one who expects a jest he will not comprehend.

"*C'est un chat !*" gasps out Manners, glaring indignantly on the official.

"*Pardon, M'sieur,*" says the waiter, "*c'est trop gros pour un chat,*"

"*Chat,*" repeats Manners; "*Chat THOMAS !*" he adds, in a sepulchral voice, and with a frowning brow. The waiter shrinks abashed, the company laugh, and Manners' observation counts for a joke.

By this time conversation begins to buzz pretty freely around. Everybody drinks champagne, and tongues soon become loosened by the exhilarating fluid. Various topics are discussed, including a new beauty that has just arrived from Smyrna, of French extraction, and supposed to possess a fortune that sounds perfectly fabulous when calculated in francs. Manners listens attentively, for he has not totally abandoned the idea of combining the excitement of war with the pursuit of beauty—properly gilded, of course—and his maxim is that "None but the brave deserve the fair." Her praises, however, as also her name and address, are intercepted by the voluble comments of two stout gentlemen, his neighbors, on the utter incapacity of the Turkish Government, and the hopeless imbecility of "the people of this unhappy country, Sir,—a people without a notion of progress—destined to decay, Sir,

from the face of the earth," as the stouter of the two, a British merchant, who is about investing in land here, remarks to his neighbor, a jovial Frenchman, who has already bought many a fertile acre in the neighborhood of Constantinople, under the new Hattis-Sheriff; * and who replies, fixing his napkin securely in his button-hole—

"*Pourri, voyez-vous, mon cher. Crac ? ça ne durera pas trois ans.*"

Opposite these worthies, an ensign in the Guards, and the Queen's messenger, who is of a theatrical turn, are busy with the character, private as well as professional, of a certain star at the Opera, whom the latter has already criticized in the execution of his duty at Vienna, and an ardent desire to hear whom haunts the former enthusiast to such a degree, even in the very trenches, that he longs to attack and take Sebastopol single-handed, in order to get home again before she leaves London for the winter. The Turkish Ministry, changing as it does about once a week; the policy of Austria; the Emperor Napoleon's energy; the inefficiency of our own Commissariat; the ludicrous blunders of the War-Office, and the last retort courteous of Lord Stratford, all come in for their share of remark from prejudiced observers of every party and every opinion; but by degrees one voice rises louder than the rest, one individual attracts the notice of the whole dinner-table, and nowise abashed, but rather encouraged by the attention he commands, details volubly his own account of the capture of the Mamelon. He is a Frenchman and a civilian, but somehow he has a red ribbon on his breast, and belongs to the Legion of Honor, so he "assisted," as he calls it, at the attack; and if he speaks truth, it must indeed have been an awful sight, and one in which his countrymen outdid themselves for valor, and that quality peculiar to the soldiers of France which they term *élan*, a word it is hopeless to think of translating. His opinions are decided, if not satisfactory; his plan of storming the place an excellent one, if it could only be carried out.

"We have taken the Mamelon!" says he, "and what remains? Bah! The Malakkoff Tower is the key to the whole position. What would you have? Every simple soldier in the army knows it as well as you and

* An act empowering foreigners to hold land in Turkey.

I do. I tell you I 'assisted' at the capture of the *Mamelon Vert*. They received us with a fire, well sustained, of grape and small arms. Our ammunition failed us at the critical moment. I was in the ditch—*me!*—when the Zouaves came on with their yell—the 152nd of the line were in front of them. It must be carried with the bayonet!—*Pflan!*—our little red pantaloons were swarming up the work and over the parapet ere you could count ten—the tri-color was hoisted and the guns spiked in a twinkling—that is the only way to arrange these affairs. Now, see here—you have your Redan, you others—you have sapped up to it, as near as you can get. There must be a combined attack. You cannot hold it till we have silenced that little rogue of a Malakkoff. What to do? One of these '*four mornings*,' as it was with the Mamelon so will it be with the Malakkoff! Give me a thick column, with Zouaves in front and rear. These are not follies. I advance my column under cover—I pour in a volley!—I rush on with the bayonet! At the same moment the Redan falls. Your Guards and Scotchmen run in with their heads, a thousand cannon support you with their fire, the Allies hold the two most important defences, the Garden Batteries are silenced. Chut! the place is ours! France and England are looking on. I do not say that this will be done; but this is how it ought to be done. If your generals are fools, what is that to me? I am not a general—I!—but a simple civilian! Waiter, a cigar! *Qui vivra, verra.*"

It is all *pipe-clay*, as the soldiers call it, now. The one engrossing topic silences every other. Alma, Inkermann, Lord Raglan's flank march, and the earlier incidents of the siege, are related by the very men who took an active share in those deeds of glory. Two cavalry officers, both wounded on the fatal day, recapitulate once more the *pros* and *cons* of the immortal charge at Balaklava—a question that has been vexed and argued till the very actors themselves in that most brilliant of disasters scarcely know how they got in, and still less how they ever got out. Though struck down by the same shell, and within ten yards of one another, each takes a diametrically opposite view of the whole transaction from his comrade. They differ materially as to time, position, pace, and results; above all as to the merits of the

leader whose wreath of laurels faded as undeservedly as it bloomed prematurely.

"I was close behind him the whole way," says the one; "I never saw a fellow so cool in my life, or so well 'got up.' He regulated every stride of that good chesnut horse like clock-work. When we came into fire, our line was dressed as if on parade. I know it by my own squadron. Will you tell me *that* man lost his head?"

"But where was he after we rode through the guns?" replies the other. "Answer me that! I grant you he took us in like a brick. But why didn't he bring us out? I never saw him after I was hit, and I *must* have seen him if he had rallied the first line, and been in his proper place to look out for his support. You were close to me, old fellow! I never knew before that bob-tailed Irish horse of yours could gallop a mile and a half. You were sickish, my boy, for I saw your face; but your eye-sight was unimpaired. Tell me, did you see him and what was he doing?"

"I *did*, I'll swear!" answers the partisan, as fine a specimen of a young hussar as ever drew a sword. "And I'll tell you what he was doing. Mind, I don't say it because I *like* him, for I don't. Confound him! he put me under arrest once in Dublin, and I believe it was only because my boots weren't well blacked. But I saw him, with my own eyes, striking at three Cossacks who were prodding him with their long lances; and if poor old Champion had not dropped under me just at that moment, I'd have gone in and had a shy to help him, if I lost my stick. No, no! he's game as a pebble, let them say what they will; and if it wasn't for those cursed papers, he'd have had all the credit he deserves. It was the quickest thing I ever rode to, my boy," adds the young one, rather flushed, and drinking off his champagne at a gulp in his excitement. "He had a *lead*, and he kept it right well, and I won't hear him run down."

"I don't care," replies his friend. "I maintain it's a general's duty to know everything that's going on. I maintain he ought to have stood still and looked about him (to be sure, we couldn't see much in that smoke); ay! and, if necessary, waited there for the Heavies to come up. Now I'll prove it to you in five minutes, if you'll only listen, you obstinate young beggar! Do you remember,

just before we were both hit, your saying to me 'What a go this is!' and my answering, 'Whatever we do, we must keep the men together, but half my horses are blown.' Do you remember that?"

"I admit nothing," answers the young man, laughing, "but I do remember that. It was just before we saw that strong body of Russian cavalry in rear of the guns, and I don't make out now why they weren't down upon us."

"Never mind that," pursues his opponent. "They behaved very steadily, and retired in good order; but you remember the circumstance. Well, he was then about six horses' lengths from us on our right."

"On our left," interposes the younger man—"on our left; for I remember poor Blades was knocked over between me and him."

"On our right," persists the other. "I am certain of it, my dear fellow, for I remarked at the time——"

"I am positive he was on our left! I remember it as well as if it was yesterday."

"I could take my oath he was on our right; for I recollect seeing his sabre-tasche swinging."

"Left!" says one, "Right!" says the other; and they never advance one step farther in the discussion, which will be prolonged far into the night, to the consumption of much brandy and water, together with countless cigars, but with no further result.

If no two men see any one action of common life in the same light, how hopeless must it be to endeavor to get at the true statement of an event which takes place in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, all excited, all in peril of their lives, all enveloped in the dense smoke of a hundred guns, all maddening with the fierce, blood-stirring turmoil of such a deed of arms as the death-ride at Balaklava.

The instant dinner is finished, and coffee served, cigars are lit. It is a signal for the ladies to retire, and our handsome countrywomen sail out of the room, with that stately walk that none but an English lady ever succeeds in effecting. Many a glance follows them as they disappear; many a stout heart tightens under its scarlet covering, to think of the ideal at home—her gloves, her dress, her fragrant hair, her graceful gestures, and the gentle smile that may never gladden him again. Men are strange mixtures! the

roughest and the coldest exteriors sometimes hide the most sensitive feelings; and when I hear a man professing audacious libertinism, and a supreme contempt for women, I always mistrust the bravado that is but a covering for his weakness, and set him down at once as a puppet, that a pair of white hands—if one only knew where to find them—can turn and twist and set aside at will.

Ropsley was much softer in his manner than he used to be. Had he too experienced the common fate? Was the dandy Guardsman no longer impervious, *nulli penetrabilis astro*? Painful as was the subject, he talked much of the De Rohans. He had seen Constance married; he had heard repeatedly from Victor during the past year; and though he evidently knew my hopes and their disappointment, by the tenderness with which he handled the subject, he could not resist enlarging on the topic, and talking to me of that family, in which I could never cease to take the warmest interest. I winced, and yet I listened, for I longed to know and hear of her even now. I would have lain quietly on the rack only to be told of her welfare. It was painful too. Perhaps there is no moment at which the heart feels so empty—at which the hopelessness of a loss is so completely realised, as when we hear the idol of our lives talked of in a matter-of-course way, as being totally unconnected with, and independent of, ourselves.

I remarked that, of his own accord, Ropsley never mentioned Valerie. To an inquiry of mine as to the welfare of my kind and handsome nurse, he gave, I thought, rather an abrupt reply; and, turning suddenly round to Manners, asked him if "there was nothing to be done in the evening in this stupid place?" To which our gallant Bashi-Bazouk, who considered himself responsible for our amusement, answered delightedly, "No opera yet, Ropsley, though we shall have one in six weeks; no evening parties either, except a few amongst the French inhabitants—delightful people, you know, and very select. I am invited to-night to a little music, not far from here. I could take you both, if you like, with me. As friends of mine you would be most welcome. You speak French, Ropsley, if I remember right?"

"A little," replied the latter, much amused, "but not with your accent;" which, indeed,

was true enough; for he had lived a good deal at Paris, and knew Chantilly as well as Newmarket. "Am I well enough dressed, though, for your fastidious friends?" he added, glancing, not without a gleam of inward satisfaction, from his own war-worn, threadbare uniform, to Manners' brilliant and somewhat startling costume.

"Couldn't be better!" replied the latter; "looks workmanlike, and all that. This time next year I only hope mine will be half as good. Meanwhile, come along, you and Egerton; never mind your cigars, they all smoke here."

"What! ladies and all, at these *select parties*?" laughed Ropsley. "I thought we were going amongst a lot of duchesses; but I hope they don't drink as well?"

"Custom of the country, my dear sir," replied Manners, gravely—"only cigarettes, of course. If a young lady offers to roll you one, don't refuse it. These little things are matters of etiquette, and it is as well to know beforehand." So, drilling us on the proper behavior to be observed at a Pera party, our cicerone swaggered out into the night air, clanking his spur, and rattling his sabre, with a degree of jingling vigor which seemed to afford him unlimited satisfaction. It was rather good to see Ropsley of the Guards—the man who had the *entrée* to all the best houses in London, the arbiter of White's, the quoted of diners-out, the favorite of fine ladies—listening with an air of the greatest attention to our former usher's lectures on the proper deportment to be assumed in the company to which he was taking us, and thanking him with the utmost gravity for his judicious hints and kind introduction to the *élite* of Pera society.

"Go home, Bold, go home." The old dog *would* accompany me out of the hotel, *would* persist in following close at my heel along the narrow street. Not a soul but our three selves seemed to be wandering about this beautiful starlight night. The Turkish sentry was sound asleep on his post; a dark figure, probably some houseless *hamaul*, crouched near the sentry-box. Savage Bold wanted to fly at it as he passed.

"How cantankerous the old dog grows," remarked Ropsley, as Bold stalked behind us, ears erect, and bristling all over with defiance. Ere we were fifty yards from the hotel he stopped short and barked loudly; a

footstep was rapidly approaching up the street. Murders and robberies were at this time so frequent in Constantinople, that every passenger was an object of mistrust in the dark. We, however, were three strong men, all armed, and had nothing to fear. Bold, too, seemed to recognize the step. In another moment the Beloochee overtakes us, and with even a more imperturbable air than usual salutes me gravely, and whispers a few words in my ear. On my reply, he places my hand against his forehead and says, "The brothers of the sword are brothers indeed. Effendi, you know Ali Mesrour, the son of Abdul. From henceforth my life is at the disposal of my Frankish brother!"

A hurried consultation between the three Englishmen succeeds. Manners makes a great virtue of sacrificing sundry waltzes on which he seems to have set his heart, and is pathetic about the disappointment his absence will too surely inflict on Josephine, and Philippine, and Seraphine, but is amazingly keen and full of spirits notwithstanding. Ropsley, no longer the unimpressionable, apathetic dandy, whom nothing can excite or amuse, enters with zest into our project, and betrays a depth of feeling—nay, a touch of romance—of which I had believed him incapable. Bold is ordered peremptorily to "go home," and obeys, though most unwillingly, stopping some twenty paces off, and growling furiously in the darkness. Two and two we thread the narrow streets that lead down to the water's edge. The Beloochee is very silent, as is his wont, but ever and anon draws his shawl tighter round his waist, and loosens his dagger in its sheath. It is evident that he means *real business*. Manners and Ropsley chat and laugh like boys out of school. The latter never seemed half so boyish as now; the former will be a boy all his life—so much the better for him. At the bridge Ali gives a low, shrill whistle. It reminds me of the night we escaped from the Cossacks in Wallachia; but the good mare this time is safe in her stable, and little thinks of the errand on which her master is bound. The whistle is answered from the water, and a double-oared caique, with its white-robed watermen, looms through the darkness to take us on board. As we glide silently up the Bosphorus, listening to the unearthly chorus of the baying wild-dogs answering each other from Pera to Stam-

boul, Manners produces a revolver from his breast pocket, and passing his finger along the barrel shining in the starlight, observes,

"Four of us, and six *here*, make ten. If the gate is only unlocked, we can carry the place by storm."

CHAPTER XXXV.—"THE WOLF AND THE LAMB."

PAPOOSH PASHA is taking his *kief** in his harem. Two softly shaded lamps, burning perfumed oil, shed a voluptuous light over the apartment. Rich carpets from the looms of Persia are spread upon the floor; costly shawls from Northern India fall in graceful folds over the low divan on which he reclines. Jewel-hilted sabres, silver sheathed daggers, and fire-arms inlaid with gold, glitter above his head, disposed tastefully against the walls, and marking the warlike character of the owner; for Papoosh Pasha, cruel, sensual, and corrupt to the very marrow, is nevertheless as brave as a lion.

Two *nautch-girls* belonging to his seraglio have been dancing their voluptuous measure for his gratification. As they stand now, unveiled, panting and glowing with their exertions, the rich, Eastern blood crimsoning their soft cheeks, and coursing wildly through their shapely, pliant limbs, the old man's face assumes a placid expression of sleepy content only belied by the gleam in that wicked eye, and he is good enough to wave his amber-tipped pipe-stick in token of dismissal, and to express his approbation by the single word "*Peki*" (very well). The girls prostrate themselves before their lord, their silver armlets and anklets ringing as they touch the floor, and bounding away like two young antelopes, flit from the presence, apparently not unwilling to escape so easily. Papoosh Pasha is left alone with the favorite; but the favorite looks restless and pre-occupied, and glances ever and anon towards the casement which opens out into the garden of the seraglio, now beginning to glisten in the light of the rising moon, and breathing the odors of a thousand flowers, heavy and fragrant with the dews of night. This part of the harem is on the ground floor, and is a retreat much affected by his Highness for the facility with which the breeze steals into it from the Bosphorus.

Zuleika is dressed in all the magnificence of her richest Oriental costume. Her tiny feet, arched in true Arabian symmetry, are bare to the ankle, where her voluminous, muslin trousers are gathered in by a brace-

let, or more correctly an anklet, set with rubies and emeralds. A string of beads of the purest lemon-colored amber marks the outline of her slender waist, and terminates a short, close-fitting jacket of pink satin, embroidered with seed-pearls, open at the bosom, and with long sleeves fringed by lace of European manufacture. This again is covered by a large, loose mantle of green silk, carelessly thrown over the whole figure. Zuleika has not forgotten that she is lineally descended from the Prophet, and wears his color accordingly. Her hands, in compliance with the Eastern custom are dyed with *henna*, but even this horrid practice cannot disguise the shapely symmetry of her taper fingers; and although the hair is cut short on her left temple, the long, raven locks from the other side are gathered and plaited into a lustrous diadem around her brows. She has pencilled her lower eyelashes with some dark substance that enhances their natural beauty, but even this effort of the toilette has not succeeded in imparting the languishing expression which a Turkish beauty deems so irresistible. No; the gleam in Zuleika's eye is more that of some wild animal caught but not tamed, glancing eagerly around for a chance of escape, and ready to tear the hand that would caress it and endeavor to reconcile it to its fetters.

She does not look as if she loved you. Papoosh Pasha, when you order her to your feet, and stroke her hair with your fat hand, and gloat on that mournful, eager face with your little, twinkling eye. Better be a bachelor, Papoosh Pasha, and confine yourself to the solace of coffee and pipes, and busy your cunning intellect with those puzzling European politics, and look after the interests of your dissipated master the Sultan, than take a wild bird to your bosom that will never know you or care for you, or cease to pine and fret, and beat her breast against the bars of the cage in which you have shut her up.

The old man sinks back upon his cushions with a sigh of corporeal contentment. His fat person is enveloped in a flowing, shawl gown, which admits of his breathing far

* Repose.

more freely than does that miserable tight, frock-coat he wore all day. He has gorged himself with an enormous meal, chiefly composed of fat substances, vegetables and sweetmeats. He has had his tiny measure of hot, strong coffee, and is puffing forth volumes of smoke from a long, cherry-sticked pipe. He bids Zuleika kneel at his feet and sing him to his rest. The girl glances eagerly towards the window, and seems to listen; she dare not move at once to the casement and look out, for her lord is mistrustful and suspicious, and woe to her if she excites his jealousy to such a pitch that she cannot lull it to sleep again. She would give him an opiate if she dared, or something stronger still, that should settle all accounts; but there is a dark story in the harem of a former favorite—a Circassian—who tried to strike the same path for freedom, and failed in the attempt. She has long slept peacefully some forty fathom deep in the sparkling Bosphorus, and the caïques that take her former comrades to the Sweet Waters glide along over her head without disturbing her repose. Since then, whenever Papoosh Pasha drinks in the women's apartment, he has the gallantry to insist on a lady pledging him first before he puts his own fat lips to the bowl.

"Come hither, Zuleika, little dove," says the old man, drawing her towards him; "light of my eyes, and pearl of my heart come hither, that I may lay my head on thy bosom, and sleep to the soft murmurings of thy gentle voice."

The girl obeys, but glances once more uneasily towards the window, and takes her place with compressed lips, and cheeks as pale as death. A long, Albanian dagger, the spoil of some lawless chief, hangs temptingly within arm's length. Another such caress as that, Papoosh Pasha, and who shall ensure you that she does not bury it in your heart!

But a more feminine weapon is in her hand—a three-stringed lute or gittern, incapable of producing much harmony, but nevertheless affording a plaintive and not inappropriate accompaniment to the measured chant with which the reigning Odalisque lulls her master to his rest. The tones of her voice are very wild and sad. Ever and anon she stops in her music and listens to the breathing of the Pasha; so surely he opens

his eyes, and raising his head from her lap bids her go on,—not angrily, nor petulantly, but with a quiet overbearing malice that irritates the free spirit of the girl to the quick. She strikes the gittern with no unskilful hand; and although her voice is mournful, it is sweet and musical as she sings; but the glance of her eye denotes mischief, and I had rather be sleeping over a powder magazine with my lighted *chibouque* in my mouth, than pillow my head, as you are doing, Papoosh Pasha, on the lap of a woman maddened by tyranny and imprisonment,—her whole being filled with but two feelings—Love stronger than death; Hatred fiercer than Hell. And this is the caged bird's song:—

"Down in the valley where the Sweet-Waters meet—where the Sweet-Waters meet under the chestnut trees,—

There Hamed had a garden; and the wild bird sang to the Rose.

In the garden were many flowers, and the pomegranate grew in the midst. Fair and stately she grew, and the fruit from her branches dropped like dew upon the sward.

And Hamed watered the tree and pruned her, and lay down in the cool freshness of her shade.

Beautiful was the pomegranate, yet the wild bird sang to the Rose.

The Lily bent lowly to the earth, and drooped for very shame, because the breeze courted the Lily and kissed her as he swept by to meet the Sweet-Waters under the chestnut trees.

For the Lily was the fairest of flowers; yet the wild bird sang to the Rose.

Then there came a blast from the desert, and the garden of Hamed was scorched and withered up;

And the pomegranate sickened and died; and Hamed cut her down by the roots, and sowed corn over the place of her shade.

And the breeze swept on, and stayed not, though the Lily lay trampled into the earth.

Every flower sickened and died; yet still the wild bird sang to the Rose.

In the dawn of early morning, when the sky is green with longing, and the day is at hand,

When the winds are hushed, and the waters sleep smiling, and the stars are dim in the sky;

When she pines for his coming, and spreads her petals to meet him, and droops to hear his note;

When the garden gate is open, and the watchers are asleep, and the last, last hope is dying,—will the wild bird come to the Rose?"

The concluding lines she sang in a marked voice there was no mistaking, and I doubt if they did not thrill to the heart's core of more than one listener.

The moon had now fairly risen, and silvered the trees and shrubs in the harem garden with her light, leaving however dense masses of shade athwart the smooth lawn and under the walls of the building. Cypress and cedar quivered in her beams. Not a breath of air stirred the feathery leaves of the tall acacia, with its glistening stem; and the swelling ripple of the Bosphorus plashed drowsily against the marble steps. All was peace and silence and repose. Far enough off to elude observation, yet within hail, lay our caïque, poised buoyantly on the waters, and cutting with its dark outline right athwart a glittering pathway as of molten gold. Close under the harem window, concealed by the thick foliage of a broad-leaved creeper, Ali Mesrour and myself crouched, silent and anxious, scarce daring to breathe, counting with sickening eagerness the precious moments that were fleeting by so tedious yet so soon past. Twenty paces further off, under a dark group of cypresses lay Ropsley and Manners ready for action the latter with his hand in his bosom caressing the trusty revolver by which he set such store.

Everything had as yet gone off prosperously. We had landed noiselessly and unobserved. The garden gate, thanks to woman's foresight and woman's cunning, had been left open. The sentry or guard, like all other Turkish sentries when not before an enemy, had lain down, enveloped in his great coat, with his musket by his side, and was snoring as only a true son of Osman *can* snore after a bellyful of *pilaff*. If his lord would but follow his example, it might be done; yet never was old man so restless, so ill at ease, so wakefully disposed as seemed Papoosh Pasha.

We could see right into the apartment, and the rich soft lamplight brought out in full relief the faces and figures of its two occupants. Zuleika sat with her feet gathered under her on the divan: one hand still held the lute; the other was unwillingly consigned to the caresses of her lord. The old man's head reclined against her bosom; his parted lips betokened rest and enjoyment; his eyes were half closed, yet there was a gleam of vigilant malice upon his features

that denoted anything but sleep. The poor girl's face alternated from a scowl of withering hatred to a plaintive expression of heart-broken disappointment. Doubtless she was thinking "the last, last hope is dying, and the wild bird is *not* coming to the rose."

Ali Mesrour gazed on her he loved. If ever there was a trying situation, it was his—to see her even now in the very embrace of his enemy—so near, yet so apart. Few men could have enough preserved their self-command not to betray even by the workings of the countenance what a storm of feelings must be wasting the heart; yet the Beloochee moved not a muscle; his profile, turned towards me, was calm and grim as that of a statue. Once only the right hand crept stealthily towards his dagger, but the next moment he was again as still as death. The Pasha whispered something in the girl's ear, and a gleam of wild delight sparkled on her face as she listened. She rose cheerfully, left the room with rapid, springing step, and returned almost immediately with a flask under her arm, and a huge goblet set with precious stones in her hand. Papoosh Pasha, true believer and faithful servant of the Prophet, it needs not the aid of a metal-covered cork, secured with wire, to enable us to guess at the contents of that Frankish flask. No sherbet of roses is poured into your brimming goblet—no harmless, unfermented liquid, flavored with cinnamon or other lawful condiment; but the creaming flood of amber colored champagne whirls up to its very margin, and the Pasha's eye brightens with satisfaction as he stretches forth his hand to grasp its taper stem. Cunning and careful though, even in his debauches, he proffers the cup to Zuleika ere he tastes.

"Drink, my child," says the old hypocrite, "drink of the liquid such as the hours are keeping in Paradise for the souls of true believers; drink and fear not—it is lawful. *Allah Kerim!*"

Zuleika wets her lips on the edge, and hands the cup to her lord, who drains it to the dregs, and sets it down with a sigh of intense satisfaction.

"It is lawful," he continues, wiping his moustaches. It is not forbidden by the blessed Prophet. Wine indeed is prohibited to the true believer, but the Prophet knew not the flavor of champagne, and had he tasted it he would have enjoined his servants to

drink it four times a day. Fill again, Zuleika, oh my soul! Fill again! There is but one Allah!"

The girl needs no second bidding; once and again she fills to the brim; once and again the Pasha drains the tempting draught; and now the little twinkling eye dims, the cherry-stick falls from the opening fingers, the Pasha's head sinks upon Zuleika's bosom, and at last he is asleep. Gently, tenderly, like a mother soothing a child, she hushes him to his rest. Stealthily, slowly she transfers his head from her own breast to the embroidered cushions. Dexterously, noiselessly she extricates herself from his embrace. A low whistle, scarcely perceptible, reaches her ear from the garden, and calls the blood into her cheek; and yet, a very woman even now, she turns to take one last look at him whom she is leaving for ever. A cool air steals in from the window, and plays upon the sleeper's open neck and throat. She draws a shawl carefully, nay, caressingly, around him. Brute, tyrant, enemy though he is, yet there have been moments when he was kindly and indulgent towards her, for she was his favorite; and she will not leave him in anger at the last. Fatal delay! mistaken tenderness! true woman! always influenced by her feelings at the wrong time! What did that moment's weakness cost us all? She had crossed the room—we were ready to receive her—her foot was on the very window-sill; another moment and she would have been in Ali's arms, when a footstep was heard rapidly approaching up the street, a black figure came bounding over the garden wall, closely followed by a large English retriever, and shouting an alarm wildly at the top of his voice. As the confused sentry fired off his musket in the air; as the Pasha's guards and retainers woke and sprang to their arms; as the Beloochee glared wildly around him; as Ropsley, no longer uninterested, swore volubly in English, and Manners drew the revolver from his bosom, Bold, for the second time that day, pinned a tall negro slave by the throat, and rolling him over and over on the sward, made as though he would have worried him to death in the garden.

It was, however, too late; the alarm was given, and all was discovered. The man I had struck in the afternoon of that very day had dogged me ever since, in hopes of an opportunity to revenge himself. He had followed

me from place to place, overheard my conversation, and watched all those to whom I spoke. He had crouched under the sentry-box at the door of Messirie's Hotel, had tracked us at a safe distance down to the very water's edge, and had seen us embark on our mysterious expedition. With the cunning of his race, he guessed at once our object, and determined to frustrate it. Unable, I conclude, at that late hour to get a *caïque*, he had hastened by land to his master's house, and, as the event turned out, had arrived in time to overthrow all our plans. He was followed in his turn by my faithful Bold, who when so peremptorily ordered to leave us, had been convinced there was something in the wind, and accordingly transferred his attentions to the figure that had been his object of distrust the livelong day. How he worried and tore at him, and refused to relinquish his hold. Alas! alas! it was too late—too late!

The Pasha sprang like a lion from his lair. At the same instant, Ali Mesrou and myself bounded lightly through the open window into the apartment. Zuleika flung herself with a loud shriek into her lover's arms. Manners and Ropsley came crowding in behind us, the former's revolver gleaming ominously in the light. The Pasha was surrounded by his enemies, but he never faltered for an instant. Hurrying feet and the clash of arms resounded along the passages; lights were already twinkling in the garden; aid was at hand, and, Turk, tyrant, voluptuary though he was, he lacked not the courage, the promptitude which aids itself. At a glance he must have recognized Ali; or it might have been but the instinct of his nation which bid him defend his women. Quick as thought, he seized a pistol that hung above his couch, and discharged it point blank at the Beloochee's body. The bullet sped past Zuleika's head and lodged deep in her lover's bosom. At the same instant that Ropsley, always cool and collected in an emergency, dashed down both the lamps, Ali's body lurched heavily into my arms, and poor Zuleika fell senseless on the floor.

The next moment a glare of light filled the apartment. Crowds of slaves, black and white, all armed to the teeth, rushed in to the rescue. The Pasha, perfectly composed, ordered them to seize and make us prisoners. Encumbered by the Beloochee's weight, and

outnumbered ten to one, we were put to it to make good our retreat, and ere we could close round her and carry her off, two stout negroes had borne the still senseless Zuleika through the open doorway into the inner chambers of the palace. Placing the Beloochee between myself and Ropsley, we backed leisurely into the garden, the poor fellow groaning heavily as we handed him through the casement, and so made our way, still fronting the Pasha and his myrmidons, towards our caïque, which at the first signal of disturbance had been pulled rapidly in-shore. Manners covered our retreat with great steadiness and gallantry, keeping the enemy at bay with his revolver, a weapon with which one and all showed much disinclination to make further acquaintance. By this time shrieks of women pervaded the palace. The blacks, too, jabbered and gesticulated with considerable more energy than purpose, half-a-dozen pistol-shots fired at random served to increase the general confusion, which even their lord's presence and authority were completely powerless to quell, and thus we were enabled to reach our boat, and shove off with our ghastly freight into the comparative safety of the Bosphorus.

"He will never want a doctor more;" said Ropsley, in answer to an observation from Manners, as, turning down the edge of the Beloochee's jacket, he showed us the round livid mark that, to a practised eye, told too surely of the irremediable death-wound. "Poor fellow, poor fellow," he added, "he is bleeding inwardly now, he will be dead before we reach the bridge."

Ali opened his eyes, and raising his head, looked round as though in search of some missing face—

"Zuleika," he whispered, "Zuleika!" and sank back again with a piteous expression of hopeless, helpless misery on his wan and ghastly features. The end was obviously near at hand, his cheeks seemed to have fallen in the last few minutes, dark circles gathered round his eyes, his forehead was damp and clammy, and there was a light froth upon his ashy lips. Yet as death approached he seemed to recover strength and consciousness, a true Mussulman, the grave had for him but few terrors, and he had confronted the grim monarch so often as not to wince from him at last when really within his grasp.

He reared himself in the boat, and supported by my arm, which was wound round his body, made shift to sit upright and look about him, wildly, dreamily, as one who looks for the last time. "Effendi," he gasped, pressing my hand, "Effendi, it is destiny. The good mare—she is my brother's! O Zuleika! Zuleika!"

A strong shudder convulsed his frame, his jaw dropped, I thought he was gone, but he recovered consciousness once more, snatched wildly at his sword, which he half drew, and whispering faintly "turn me to the East! There is but one Allah!" his limbs collapsed—his head sunk upon my shoulder—and so he died.

Row gently, brawny watermen, though your freight is indeed but the shell which contained even now a gallant faithful spirit. One short hour ago, who was so determined, so brave, so sagacious as the Beloochee warrior? and where is he now? That is not Ali Mesroul whom you are wafting so sadly, so smoothly towards the shore. Ali Mesroul is far away in space, in the material Paradise of your own creed, with its inexhaustible sherbets, and its cool gardens, and its dark-eyed maidens waving their green scarves to greet the long-expected lover; or to the unknown region, the shadowy spirit-land of a loftier, nobler faith, the mystical world on which Religion herself dare hardly speculate, where "the tree shall be known by its fruits," "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

So we carried him reverently and mournfully to the house he had occupied; and we laid him out in his warrior dress, with his arms by his side and his lance in his hand, and ere the morrow's sun was midway in the heavens, the earth had closed over him in his last resting-place where the dark cypresses are nodding and whispering over his tomb, and the breeze steals gently up from the golden Bosphorus, smiling and radiant, within a hundred paces of his grave.

The good bay mare has never left my possession. For months she was restless and uncomfortable, neighing at every strange step, and refusing her food, as if she pined truly and faithfully for her master. He came not, and after a time she forgot him; and another hand fed and cared for her, and she grew sleek and fat and light-hearted. What would you? It is a world of change. Men

and women, friends and favorites, lovers, and beloved, all must forget and float with the stream and hurry on; if there be an exception—if some pale-eyed mourner, clinging to the bank, yearns hopelessly for the irrevocable Past, what matter, so the stream can eddy round him, and laugh and ripple by? Let him alone! he is not one of us. God forbid.

Of Zuleika's fate I shudder to think. Though I might well guess she could never expect to be forgiven, it was long before surmise approached certainty, and even now I strive to hope against hope, to persuade myself that there may still be a chance. At least I am thankful Ali was spared the ghastly tidings that eventually came to my ears—a tale that escaped the lips of a drunken *caigee*, and in which I fear there is too much truth.

Of course the attack on the Pasha's palace created much scandal throughout Constantinople; and equally of course a thousand rumors gained credence as to the origin and object of the disturbance. The English officers concerned received a hint that it would be advisable to get out of the way as speedily as possible; and I was compelled to absent myself for a time from my kind friend and patron, Omar Pasha. One person set the whole thing down as a drunken frolic; another voted it an attempt at burglary of the most ruffian-like description; and the Turks themselves seemed inclined to resent it as a gratuitous insult to their prejudices and customs. A stalwart *caigee*, however, being, con-

trary to his religion and his practice, inebriated with strong drink, let out in his cups that, if he dared, he could tell more than others knew about the attack on the palace of Papoosh Pasha, and its sequel. Influenced by a large bribe and intimidated by threats, he at length made the following statement: "That the evening after the attack, about sundown, he was plying off the steps of Papoosh Pasha's palace, that he was hailed by a negro guard, who bade him approach the landing-place; that two other negroes then appeared, bearing between them a sack, carefully secured, and obviously containing something weighty; that they placed it carefully in the bottom of his *caïque*, and that more than once he distinctly saw it move; that they desired him to pull out into mid-stream, and when there, dropped the sack overboard; that it sunk immediately, but that he fancied he heard a faint shriek as it went down, and saw the bubbles plainly coming up for several seconds at the place where it disappeared; further, that the negro gave him fifty piastres over his proper fare for the job, and that he himself had been uncomfortable and troubled with bad dreams ever since."

Alas, poor Zuleika! there is but little hope that you survived your lover four-and-twenty hours. The wild-bird came, indeed, as he had promised, in the early morning, to the rose, but the wild-bird got his death-wound; and the rose. I fear, lies many a fathom deep in the clear, cold waters of the silent Bosphorus.

ENGLISH INNS.—Herbert, in his *Priest to the Temple*, writes:

"When he comes to his Inn, he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the Glory of God to the Company that he is in, by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying Grace at meat, and at going to bed by giving the host notice that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake, they may resort thither."—*The Parson in Journey*, chap. XVII.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis!"
—*Notes and Queries*.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."—In one of the interior provinces of India, there is said to be a man who every morning goes to a distant trough standing by the roadside, and filling it with water, returns to his daily duties. The caravan passing that way call and slake their thirst—he never knows whom he blesses, and they never know their benefactor. He is satisfied that some weary pilgrims are refreshed by his kindness, but who they are it matters not. They will never return to reward him personally, but his reward is the consciousness of having done a generous act.

From Chamber's Journal.

MR. CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN.

MR. ANDREW CROSSE was a Somersetshire gentleman, of moderate fortune, who devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to experiments in electricity, and achieved a fame in that department of science. He died in 1855, at the age of seventy-one, and his widow has published a biographical volume regarding him, from which we learn that he was a man of ardent temperament and of singularly upright and truthful nature, with much of that simplicity which so often is seen forming an element of greatness. His old ancestral seat, Fyne Court, and his estate of Broomfield, occupy a retired but beautiful situation on the skirts of the Quantock Hills. He had in the course of time filled his house with electrical apparatus, and even extended it to the trees of his park, securing thereby, as may well be supposed, the alarmed wonder of the country-people, and probably inducing better educated neighbors to regard him as a little mad. In reality, he was a philosopher of the rarest stamp, one disposed to pursue nature into her coyest recesses, and wring from her her most mystic secrets, but all for the good of his kind, and in no observable degree for self-glorification.

In the early part of his career, Mr. Crosse's attention was attracted to the crystals on the roof of a cave in his neighborhood. He pondered on the laws which regulate the growth of crystals, and felt convinced that it was caused by some peculiar attraction. The idea of electric attraction occurred to him, and, taking home some of the water which dropped from the roof of the cave, he exposed it to the action of a voltaic battery, when, in about ten days, he was rewarded by seeing crystals forming on the negative platinum wire, which proved to be composed of carbonate of lime. When he repeated the experiment in the dark, the result was more quickly attained. Thus Mr. Crosse simulated in his laboratory one of the hitherto most mysterious of the processes of nature. He pursued this line of research for nearly thirty years, totally unknown to the world; when in 1837 he was in a manner *discovered* by the British Association. Being induced to attend the meeting of that body at Bristol, he and his researches became known to Dr. Buckland, who took an opportunity of speaking of them, introducing Mr. Crosse as "a

man unconnected with any scientific body," who had "actually made no less than twenty-four minerals and even crystalline quartz." The audience regarded him with astonishment, and their feelings were wound to a high pitch when they heard himself relate his experiments and their results. He owned to having made crystals of quartz and of arragonite, carbonates of lime, lead, and copper, besides more than twenty other artificial minerals. He considered it possible to make even the diamond, and expressed his belief that every kind of mineral would yet be formed by the ingenuity of man. The meeting got into a state of high excitement about Mr. Crosse and his singular electrical operations. Compliments were showered upon him from all quarters; he became the especial "lion" of the hour. These demonstrations, novel as they were, affected him not, and before the end of the week, he had slipped away, and was once more buried in his Somersetshire solitude.

A visitor at this time described Mr. Crosse as a middle-aged man, of light active figure, intellectual cast of countenance, and the voice and movements of a person enjoying constant health and good spirits. His conversation was of a character entirely his own. "Particularly striking is Mr. Crosse's eloquence, when he tells you the wonders of his favorite science of electricity, of its mysterious agencies in the natural phenomena of the heavens above, of the earth beneath, and of the waters under the earth; how it rules alike the motions of the planets and the arrangement of atoms; how it broods in the air, rides on the mist, travels with the light, wanders through space, attracts in the aurora, terrifies in the thunder-storm, rules the growth of plants, and shapes all substances, from the fragile crystals of ice to the diamond, which it makes by toil continued for ages in the womb of the solid globe. As he describes to you all these wonders, not imaginations of a dreamer, but realities which he has himself seen and proved, by producing, by the same agent and the same process, only in a lesser degree, the same results, his face is lighted up, his eyes are fixed upon the ceiling, present things seem to have disappeared from him, lost in the greater vividness of ideas which his full mind throngs before him; he pours out his words in an unfailling stream; but though

he has a command of epithets, he finds language inadequate to express his conceptions of the might of that mysterious element which, though so very mighty that it could annihilate a world as easily as it lifts a feather, he has summoned from its throne, compelled into his presence, guided with his hand, and made to do his bidding!—thus surpassing the fabled feats of the enchanters of old."

The visitor entered the philosophical room, which he found sixty feet long, with a lofty arched roof, having been originally built as a music-hall. Here he saw an immense number of jars and gallipots, containing fluids on which electricity was operating for the production of crystals. "But," says he, "you are startled in the midst of your observations by the smart crackling sound that attends the passage of the electrical spark; you hear also the rumbling of distant thunder. The rain is already plashing in great drops against the glass, and the sound of the passing sparks continues to startle your ear. Your host is in high glee, for a battery of electricity is about to come within his reach a thousand-fold more powerful than all those in the room strung together. You follow his hasty steps to the organ-gallery, and curiously approach the spot whence the noise proceeds that has attracted your notice. You see at the window a huge brass conductor, with a discharging rod near it passing into the floor, and from the one nob to the other, sparks are leaping with increasing rapidity and noise, rap, rap, rap—bang, bang, bang. You are afraid to approach near this terrible engine, and well you may; for every spark that passes would kill twenty men at one blow, if they were linked together hand in hand, and the spark sent through the circle. Almost trembling, you note that from this conductor wires pass off without the window, and the electric fluid is conducted harmlessly away. On the instrument itself is inscribed, in large letters, the warning words, 'Noli me tangere.' Nevertheless, your host does not fear. He approaches as boldly as if the flowing stream of fire were a harmless spark. Armed with his insulated rod, he plays with the mighty power; he directs it where he will; he sends it into his batteries: having charged them thus, he shows you how wire is melted, dissipated in a moment by its passage; how metals—silver, gold, and tin—

are inflamed, and burn like paper, only with most brilliant hues. He shows you a mimic aurora, and a falling-star, and so proves to you the cause of those beautiful phenomena; and then he tells you, that the wires you had noticed as passing from tree to tree round the grounds, were connected with the conductor before you; that they collected the electricity of the atmosphere as it floated by, and brought it into the room in the shape of the sparks that you had witnessed with such awe."

The crystal-producing operations were the subject of nearly unmixed admiration, and for some months Mr. Crosse stood on the pinnacle of fame as a great and original discoverer in science. People spoke of his *making* crystals, without either seeing that he in reality only arranged the conditions under which nature did the work, or imagining that such a creative effort as they attributed to him involved any impiety. It was by and by announced, unauthorizedly, that while Mr. Crosse was experimenting with some highly caustic solutions, out of contact with atmospheric air, there had appeared, as if gradually growing from specks, between the poles of the voltaic circuit, certain insects of the *acarus* tribe. Mr. Crosse himself made no pretension on the subject; at no time was he ever able to say more than that the insects always appeared under certain conditions and not otherwise. It was, however, at once assumed that he now set himself forth as having developed animal life from inorganic elements—an idea most odious to both scientific and religious men. Instantly, he was assailed from a thousand quarters. Objections of the nature of pure assumptions were admitted as conclusive that the insects were produced from ova, according to the ordinary rules of nature. Serious, but weak people denounced him as an enemy of religion, though the fact was that Mr. Crosse at all times of his life cultivated a pious frame of mind. The lustre that had fallen on his name was dimmed in a moment, and, notwithstanding all his protestations of innocence, it never revived. We have been assured that many honors which would naturally have been bestowed on the discoverer of the crystallizing process, were withheld by reason of the unpopularity which arose from the vulgar error regarding the *acari*.

Little liable to be affected by the praise or

blame of man, Mr. Crosse continued, for the remaining eighteen years of his life, to pursue his experiments. He simulated the making of metallic *lodes* or veins in clay; he caused the electric fluid to tear pure gold in pieces. He always spoke as feeling life to be too short for what he had to do. "The real motto of his laboratory," says Mrs. Crosse, "was, 'It is better to follow nature blindfold, than art with both eyes open.' This expression explains the character of his mind, and the manner in which he sought results. When he walked out, he read, not in the book of man, but in the book of God. His acute powers of observation would reveal to him some peculiarity in the organization of plants or combination of mineral substances, which often proved the first suggestion of a train of interesting experiments. Mr. Crosse ever evinced the most wonderful patience in his scientific arrangements; for months, even for years, he would wait for results, and watch the slow induration of what he hoped might be an agate, or the minute aggregation of crystals, whose slowly developed faces he would carefully note down from time to time. At an early period of his experiments on crystalline formations, he was not unfrequently disappointed, from the fact of his having employed too strong an electric action. He used to say: "You cannot hurry nature;" too rapid an action throws down the substance in an amorphous state; atoms seem only to assume a crystalline form when

they have time to arrange themselves in a state of polarization to the surrounding atoms."

At another time he wrote: "When misfortune oppresses, and the cares of life thicken around us, how delightful it is to retire into the recesses of one's own mind, and plan with a view to carrying out those scientific arrangements, with a humble hope of benefiting our country, improving our own understandings, and finding unspeakable consolation in the study of the boundless works of our Maker! Often have I, when in perfect solitude, sprung up in a burst of school-boy delight at the instant of a successful termination of a tremblingly anticipated result: Not all the applause of the world could repay the real lover of science for the loss of such a moment as this."

Though Mrs. Crosse only attempts to give detached "memorials" of her husband, the public owes her large thanks for her task, which certainly preserves for us some conception of a most remarkable man, sure in time to take a high place in the history of science. Her narration is often very animated, and her expressions striking and appropriate. The volume contains many specimens of poetry by her husband. They are far above mediocrity; yet we could have wished that he had never given to the muses any part of that time which might have been so much more worthily bestowed on science.

PERROTIN, for so many years the publisher and intimate friend of Beranger, the poet, advertises, for October, the posthumous poems and correspondence, and the autobiography, in two suitable volumes. Beranger has been compared to Horace, Burns, Lafontaine, Franklin; his genius, in verse and prose, was quite distinct; there was little real affinity in character and life. Among the best anecdotes of him, which have fallen into my hands, is this: in one of their friendly and frequent meetings, Chateaubriand remarked to Beranger: "For my part, I have always suffered *ennui*;" the latter answered: "It is because you never concerned yourself enough with others." "Ah, now you are perfectly right," exclaimed Madame de Chateaubriand, sitting near;—"indeed, you have hit it exactly."—*Journal of Commerce*.

"LIFE OF MOLIERE."—Wanted the titles of any editions of the *Life of Moliere* that may have been published, either in French or English.

[A life of Molière will be found prefixed to the following editions of his *Works*: 6 vols. 4to., Paris, 1784, par M. de la Serre; 7 vols. 12mo., Londres, 1784, par Voltaire; 8 vols. 12mo., Paris, 1799, par Voltaire; 6 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1813; 2 vols. imp. 8vo., Paris, par M. Sainte Beuve; 3 vols. imp. 12mo., Paris, 1852, par C. Louandre. See also *Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Ouvrages* par Taschereau, 8vo. Paris, 1828; *Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages*, Paris, 12mo., 1844; *Select Comedies*, with a life in French and English, 8 vols. 12mo., Lond. 1782-52. *His Works*, French and English, with life by M. de la Serre 10 vols. 12mo., 1755.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Spectator, 25 Aug.

“THE TRUTH.”

HARRIET MARTINEAU comes forth from her retirement to defend two persons who have been attacked, and whose position is peculiarly painful and difficult. The esteemed authoress defends Mr. Bronte of Haworth from the charge of having acted insincerely towards Mrs. Gaskell. In a paper “communicated” to the *Daily News*, Mr. Bronte was described as having said—“Every thing in the book [the biography of his daughter] which relates to my conduct, to my family, is either false or distorted”; and of having asked Mrs. Gaskell to cancel the statements, with no other answer than the reply that “Mrs. Gaskell was unwell, and unable to write.” Now Miss Martineau had received two letters written by Mr. Bronte to Mrs. Gaskell, one soon after the appearance of the memoir, the other five weeks after the date of his alleged complaints, and in both he warmly expresses to Mrs. Gaskell his confidence and gratitude. “It is impossible,” says Miss Martineau, “that the writer of those letters could have, in the interval between them, represented Mrs. Gaskell as an enemy, or attributed to her any want of candor in regard to correcting errors of statement.” This statement might be received if the word “improbable” were substituted for “impossible.” But is it impossible to reconcile the explanation of very different, almost opposite feelings, at different times? Indeed, nothing has taught us more to remember the difficulty of absolutely determining what has or has not been done, has or has not been said, by the same people on different occasions, than Mrs. Gaskell’s *Memoirs of Charlotte Bronte*.

In a subsequent passage Miss Martineau says—

“The respective values of Mrs. Gaskell’s authorities is quite another question. When I find that, in my own case, scarcely one of Miss Bronte’s statements about me is altogether true, I cannot be surprised at her biographer having been misled in other cases of more importance. It is a perilous task to write the history of a singularly imaginative person, during the lifetime of contemporaries—as Mrs. Gaskell has found: and the more mistakes there really are in the narrative, the stronger is the appeal to our justice that errors injurious to Mrs. Gaskell herself should not be left unrectified;”

The round of accusation appears not yet to have been completed. In the memoir, while intending simply to recount the events of Charlotte Bronte’s life, Mrs. Gaskell incidentally gave publicity to severe accusations against persons still living in the body, or still living in the memory of their friends. The school to which Jane Eyre was first sent had a model in reality; the authoress intended to show-up the abuses of a girl’s school; but the friends of the Reverend Mr. Wilson, the chief of the Clergy Orphan School between Leeds and Kendal, came forth with evidence that the description is generally exaggerated, in many cases distorted, and in some absolutely the reverse of fact, the whole impression being inconsistent with the truth. The youthful attachments of Charlotte Bronte’s brother suggested a bitter satire upon a lady, whose unprincipled conduct was represented as having embittered the young man’s days or hastened his death, while the lady survives and is “flaunting it in May Fair.” But again, misconception of the facts led to such unwarrantable misrepresentation, that the authoress was obliged to disclaim her own statements. It was generally understood that the original of Mr. Helstone was Mr. Bronte, Charlotte’s father: other novelists have taken their nearest relatives and friends for models even in their satires; and the biography of Charlotte Bronte gives us some anecdotes of the living original, which certainly went to show that the fiction was not a caricature. Strange was the picture of the country clergyman’s family in that wild town of Haworth; the children “dragged up” rather than brought up—made sickly by uncertain diet—left to themselves—romping or struggling with dogs—sent to starving schools; and then conspiring to carve out a way of life for themselves, and going in the path they had opened as novelists, all without the knowledge of the heedless father! A strange and painful story, rendered more intelligible when we read tales how that same clerical gentleman would vent the irritability of his temper by firing off pistols at the door of his house, would destroy his wife’s gown because he had taken a dislike to it, and would saw off the backs of chairs as a mode of soothing his excited feelings. On very credible authority some of these tales are denied, some explained. For instance, Mr. Bronte did once

in a pleasant manner ridicule the fashion and color of a print gown which his wife was wearing, and he did cut off the sleeves; but he immediately presented to her a Keighley silk dress, which was made up according to his taste. The responsibility for this misrepresentation Miss Martineau shifts from Mrs. Gaskell to "her authorities"; and if we strictly construe the passage which we have quoted, a hint is given that the responsibility of the "authorities" may perhaps be ultimately left with the "singularly imaginative person" whose history had to be written. Interpreting this passage in the ordinary way, we might understand that Charlotte Brontë dealt less in fiction when she was writing *Jane Eyre* and other romances than when she professed to be stating plain facts; and it somewhat corroborates this view when we find Miss Martineau saying, "Scarcely one of Miss Brontë's statements about me is altogether true."

Some of us were shocked at the accounts of the girls' school; we have been scandalized at the lady in May Fair; and have not very charitably "wondered" at the Reverend Mr. Brontë,—all, it turns out, without any warrant. On inquiry, the basis of our censures breaks down. Perhaps, in many cases where we are ready with our censure, if we heard something more of the facts we might see considerable reason to modify our judgment. How seldom we know all the facts! indeed, we might almost say never. For our own part, we have now had some considerable experience of published statements, and we may say that in no single instance has a published statement of any important or remarkable facts within our knowledge been accurate.

The departure from a correct conception is increased when, as in the case of *Jane Eyre*, the distorted view is conveyed with great force and vividness. The more powerful the medium, the wider the deviation from truth.

Some of us are very well inclined to revoke our censures upon the objects of Jane Eyre's satire, and to turn it all, concentrated, upon the novelist herself: but, again we ask, have we yet ascertained all the facts? have we the materials for a judgment upon her? could not she have given some explanation of the apparent discrepancies? In many instances her statement was necessarily the statement of her own view—the view taken by a girl of no great experience in the world, with an impressive temperament, a vivid conception, and a tendency to see all objects with perhaps a morbid intensity.

Almost all statements, where there is an attempt to be connected, combine the true and the false. The historian learns certain facts, and they are the materials for the narrative which he has to give; but they still leave many blanks. Some of these he supplies by inferences more or less close, and some by simple presumption. The more consistent he tries to make the narrative, the more he must draw upon his own logic or imagination; and no Macaulay or Thierry can convert the archives, anecdotes, and fragments which are his raw materials, into a history which is "as interesting as a novel," without largely interweaving fiction. It is a condition of our limited humanity, that we cannot, as we say, perfectly "understand" any facts presented to us unless they are exhibited in a connected shape; while at the same time not many of us possess the means of ascertaining all the facts as they really are. Our senses are denied even the means of perceiving the events that are passing before us. We can give a candid but still an imperfect statement of our own perceptions, or conceptions; but we cannot tell, any more than we can know, "the truth" about any one series of events. The conclusion might make us charitable in our judgments upon those who are actors in any connected narrative; it might make us equally charitable in judging the author.

AMERICA AND CARICATURES.—The Americans do not enjoy caricatures: they cannot relish their point, or enter into their spirit. No publication like the *English Punch*, or started with a view of rivalling it, has succeeded! And yet they show considerable humor at times, and give evidence of much originality. The

holding up their public men to ridicule, as is done in *Punch*, would not be tolerated in New York or Washington.

It is a national singularity. Is this aversion from satires of this character a matter of idiosyncrasy with republics, or is it first shown by America?—*Notes and Queries*.

From *The Athenæum*.

The Kafirs of Natal and the Zulu Country.
By the Rev. Joseph Shooter. (Stanford.)

THERE are many individuals to whom a study of savage life is totally uninteresting. In an account of arts and manners among races as yet unredeemed from barbarism, they discern only a monotonous story necessarily abounding in repulsive details, and of no more importance to philosophy than the scratches on the Depuch rocks or the pattern of a Delaware mocassin. There have, on the other hand, been writers, disciples of Goguet, who have traced a large part of human history in the fact that some men have boiled water in cocoa-nut shells, while others have not known how to boil it at all. We know what were the deductions of Bailly on the subject of forest-dwellers, and what doctrines have been based on the reports of Ramusio and Vartomanus. Mr. Shooter, without troubling himself or his reader with hypothesis, presents a full and unaffected description of a very remarkable race, the Kafirs of Natal and the Zulu country. The polygenists and the monogenists may cite him as an authority, but that is not his fault: he means to be descriptive, and nothing more. A residence of several years in Natal gave him favorable opportunities for analyzing the native character, and he made good use of his time, studying the customs, beliefs, and traditional annals of the people.

The English call Satan black, the Hottentots call him white; the Cape colonists, when Lord Grey was Colonial Secretary, proposed "to split the difference, and call him Grey." The Kafirs themselves, though not generally black, admire that complexion; there has been a man among them so fair that no girl would marry him. One of the titles of the Zulu King is, "You that are black." To be black, then, is to possess a physical virtue. Still more important is it to be corpulent. Fatness is a sign of good feeding and good breeding, and therefore of high social position; besides, as a Kafir said to Mr. Shooter, in the event of a famine a fat person might survive to the next season, while a lean one would surely die. A very obese noble was once condemned in Zulu to be hurled from a precipice; being padded by Nature, he broke no bones, whereas had he been slim his whole anatomy must have been dislocated.—

"If the reader will go upon his knees and peep into a hut in one of the Zulu monarch's kraals, he will see how natural it is for people of rank to grow fat. Crawling through the small entrance, we see a large lady—one of many Queens—reclining on a mat, and supporting her head with her hand. A pot, containing porridge of white millet, stands near her; a vessel of bruised corn and curds keeps it company; while a third, no small one, holds a supply of native beer. Of these she partakes during the intervals of sleep, a female being in attendance to hand her now the one and now the other, as her majesty may feel inclined. Before the day is over, a supply of beef will probably be brought in."

Slender or corpulent, the Kafir is lightly clothed; a few strips of skin suffice for him, except in cold weather, when he wears a blanket. His ladies are also scantily attired; but both sexes wear a profusion of ornaments, the principal decoration of a gentleman being his snuff-box, from which he transfers the snuff to his nose in a spoon that would astonish a Highlander. Few as are the wants and simple as are the tastes of those barbarians, they are liable to much distress from the inroads of pigs, porcupines, antelopes, baboons, buffaloes, hippopotami and elephants, who devour their crops,—the elephants sometimes walking over the fences of a kraal, and trampling to death the women and children. The native kings have been known to send out their armies, not against men, but against beasts, and even birds,—a regiment armed with knob-sticks returning in triumph after slaying a multitude of finches. The locust, however, although new in the country, is a devastator worse than buffaloes or elephants; war has been perpetually declared, and magic employed against it, but in vain. The Kafir is thus reduced to depend principally on animal food, and regards beef as the most precious gift of nature. Five men boast that they will eat an ox in a day and a half, and one man that he will consume a sheep in two days.—

"The Kafirs attach great importance to the appearance of their cattle, and take much pains to improve it, as they think. With this view, they cut the ears so as to give them a jagged look; pieces of skin are partially cut from the face and suffered to hang down; incisions are made through the dewlap, portions of which are also partially severed, and left hanging towards the ground. The horns—at least those of the oxen—are sometimes

modified, and made to assume a most unnatural aspect. Means are occasionally employed to cause one horn to bend downwards while the other remains upright. Among the herds of the Zulu king, horns of most extraordinary shapes may be seen. One ox, for instance, will have his horns bent backwards toward the shoulders, while a second stands by with one horn crumpled in front, and the other tending downwards. Not far off are several beasts whose horns meet at the tips like an arch over the head; and before you have done wondering how this was accomplished, your attention is attracted by what seems a veritable unicorn, for his two natural horns have been brought together on the top of his head, and made to grow up in contact."

The cattle are easily fed; but they, too, have their destroyer, the lion, who will brave missiles and musical alarms, and drive back a battalion of royal warriors; he is sometimes taken alive, the king's slaves being commanded not to kill him, so that the desperate wretches, flinging themselves upon the brute in a host, sacrifice several of their number, while others seize him by the head, tail, and limbs, and ultimately overpower him. The great game animals of Africa are generally dangerous; the buffalo often kills his assailants; the eland will drive them for shelter among the branches of a tree. The gnu is called by the Bechuanas a man; they say "we fight together." An European was once charged by a gnu after two of its legs had been broken. The zebra will bite, and the elephant will convert a hunt into a pitched battle. From the forest to the village: Mr. Shooter has a good anecdote of barbarian manners.—

"A certain chief in Natal, who is generally admired by the young women, visited a friend of his own rank, when a sister of the latter fell in love with him, as he displayed his fine figure and barbaric graces in a dance. The chief was unaware of the impression he had made, until the damsel presented herself at his kraal and avowed the state of her heart. Not reciprocating the admiration, he told her to go home. She flatly refused; and, having no alternative, he permitted her to remain and sent a messenger to her brother. That personage caused her to be brought back; but she soon reappeared before the handsome chief, and begged him to kill her if he would not make her his wife. He was still unmoved, and despatched a second message to his friend, who ordered a severe beating to be administered to the girl after her return.

The stripes, however, were as ineffectual as remonstrances; and ere a week had elapsed, she was a third time in the chief's presence, reiterating her protestations, but without success. When the communication reached her brother, he lost all patience and answered that his neighbor had better marry her. The chief persisted in his refusal, and there was a great interchange of messages; but, yielding at length to his counsellors, he consented."

But when the admiration is first excited in the heart of the warrior, he has not seldom to combat the scornful criticisms of his lady-love. He must go to the river, bathe, and oil himself, and appear before her with shield and spear. Then, sitting down, he awaits inspection. She, not deigning to address him, tells her brother, to bid him rise; pleased with the front view, she orders him to turn round; satisfied so far, she insists that he shall run and walk to prove that his limbs are sound. But all girls are not beautiful enough, or sufficiently petted, to enjoy this privilege, and these humbler maidens, if they object to an eligible bargain, are whipped for their contumacy. When married, they have to suffer the jealousy of their colleagues and rivals, the elder wives having been known to hang or flog to death a younger one.—

"In the following instance a wife was killed by her husband's brother. A wealthy man, having lost one of his wives, was assured by the prophet that she had been poisoned by a wife of his brother. That person was of a different opinion and attributed her death to the anger of the spirits. Sumali was therefore spared, but afterwards, when another wife died, suspicion again fell on her, and the bereaved husband determined that she should be slain. Accompanied by some of his people, he went to his brother's kraal and announced his determination to kill the alleged 'evil-doer.' Her husband wept, for she was a favorite; and his mother advised him to resist. He was afraid to do so; his wife had been accused by the prophet, he was a poor man, he was dependent on his brother, and thought it best to submit. Sumali, knowing that her fate was inevitable, had put on her dancing-dress and ornaments, and was told to accompany her executioners to the bush. She now kissed her children; and, taking up the youngest, requested in vain, that it might be killed with her. The child having been forcibly removed from her arms, she was led out of the kraal and strangled."

Mr. Shooter cites a number of cases illus-

trative of the fact that poisoning is a frequent crime among the Kafirs. They are supposed to be acquainted with the qualities of strychnine; the soil yields a variety of deadly roots; almost every kraal, according to one authority, has its poison matter; but they are not in the habit of murdering white men by this means. Family avarice or jealousy is the usual motive. Yet the darkest element in the picture is the tragic mania that characterizes the mourning for a chieftain's wife, not such a deliberate slaughter as in Dahomy, nevertheless horrible and indiscriminate. After the death of the Zulu King Tshaka's mother, 60,000 people congregated.

"The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Tshaka, in their centre, and sang a war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its

continuance. At the close of it, Tshaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot; and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those who were found near the river panting for water—were beaten to death by others who were mad with excitement. Towards the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful indiscriminate massacre."

Ten of the best-looking girls were buried alive. The murderous frenzy lasted a fortnight. Animals had their galls ripped out and were left to die in agonies. Readers who are interested in the manners of uncultivated races will find an abundance of similar details in Mr. Shooter's volume.

AMERICAN WOMEN ARTISTS.—Miss Hosmer has been engaged during the winter in modelling a monument to a young French girl, to be placed in the church of Eta Andrea delle Frate.

The sleeping Beatrice, which has received great praise, has left the studio. It is said it will be exhibited in London, previous to its departure for St. Louis its ultimate destination. It is stated that the jailer upon entering the cell on the morning of her execution, found her sweetly sleeping—the artist has chosen that moment—fallen negligently upon her couch, her hand clasping a rosary, she sleeps. The head dress, the face of Guido's inimitable picture, identify the sleeping form before us with the fair girl whose youth, whose beauty, and whose death, shrined as they have been by the genius of poet and painter, render us oblivious to her imputed crime.

How posterity reverses and revenges the judgment of tribunals, the verdict of executioners! To this girl judged worthy of a felon's death, the scaffold of shame has become but a pedestal of glory. Her name is a synonym for suffering innocence, the type of a sorrowing beauty which, appealing to our sympathies, wins our unconscious homage.

Miss Hosmer's other works are a sitting statue of *Enone*, the deserted wife of the Shepherd Paris, and a Puck mounted on his toad-

stool throne. She has accomplished for this fancy of Shakspeare what Sir Joshua Reynolds did in painting. Miss Hosmer enjoys rare opportunities in the teaching of Gibson, whose studio she shares.

Miss Landon, of Salem, Mass., has been prevented by sickness from accomplishing much, but she has had the benefit of Crawford's advice and criticisms in her studies. She is now modelling an *Evangeline*, which promises to be very superior, and will doubtless, when completed, secure to the artist that esteem and homage which is paid to the evidence of successful achievement. The sad heroine of Longfellow's touching story is represented as having thrown herself by the side of a little stream, and weary with wandering, fallen asleep. The position is graceful and easy, the little bundle fallen from her hand indicates the wanderer, while the sorrowing, longing look expressed upon her fair features, even in sleep, is the very ideal of the faithful girl whose trusting love never faltered through all the long years of separation and suffering. The figure is two-thirds the size of life. Those who desire to obtain a pleasing piece of statuary, and at the same time to encourage a youthful artist, should remember this embodiment of the fairest creation of our favorite poet—*Letter from Rome*, in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

From Chambers' Journal.

MUSIC OF THE STREETS AND CELLARS.

It is an April evening, colder than April evenings were wont to be in our childhood but still bright and lovely as the young spring ever is. The sea is dancing in a fresh breeze from the south, and glittering with snowy crests of foam; the clear blue sky has here and there a mass of downy cloud resting on its deep azure, and from the esplanade there floats up the hill a sound—always the harbinger of spring and summer here—of street-music. How well in accordance are the sounds with those strange stirrings of memory and melancholy which the early season causes in most of us.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

*Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.*

Most people who have any sympathy with sounds can respond truly to Jessica's assertion, and say:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music;" but this softening effect of it is peculiarly felt, we believe, when the strain floats unconfined upon the air, when, as Shelley says,

"A strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around,
Until the voiceless wind be music too."

There is nothing more touching, in our opinion, than street-music; we can—as the musicians are frequently unseen—divest ourselves, when listening to it, of all thought of the performers, and imagine the sounds to be the "airy tongues" of Milton, or the floating, fleeting magic that made Prospero's island

"Full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight to hurt
not;"

or, with a more human and less selfish sympathy, we can give a thought and a sigh to those who have perhaps wandered from their own land to gain a scanty subsistence beneath the ungenial sky of the stranger—the itinerant musicians.

A strange life theirs must be! such a compound of sweetness and sadness, pleasure and misery; for many of these wanderers have great taste for the art, and much apparent enjoyment in its exercise. Last summer, an Italian boy, who played the harp charmingly, performed upon our lawn for some half-hour or more, and appeared much more gratified

by our admiration and understanding of his skill than by the pecuniary recompense of it. What links they are, too, of the present with the past! Thoughts of troubadours and wandering minstrels, of Welsh bards and "plaided strangers" with their mournful bagpipes, flit through the mind as we listen, and come as awakened echoes of the past. Dreams of Blondel and Rizzio, of "le petit Lully," and of many another wandering voice and hand, are brought back by the sounds even now floating on the air. That very melody they play was composed by a plaided stranger of higher grade and of more noble itinerancy; it is the *Annie Laurie* of poor Findlater.

Street-music, like everything else, has made a step forward during the last fifty years. The old-established organ-tunes even are changed; the Hundredth Psalm, *Auld Lang Syne*, and *Jim Crow*, have given place to airs from operas, and even to Beethoven's waltzes; whilst the street-bands and separate itinerants perform, and often in creditable style, music of a very good and even classical description. It would be amusing to trace the history of street-music in England from its earliest days to the present; but the subject thus carried out would require more space than the pages of the *Journal* allow. There would be the romances of real life to which we have already alluded; the famous fight of the fiddlers on the Welsh marches; the inn-music, waits, &c., of Elizabeth's and the preceding reigns; and the itinerant musicians of the Civil War, who were so numerous that the parliament made an ordinance declaring them vagrants. If no very great judges of the art, our ancestors were nevertheless lovers of it: we allude of course to the great body of the nation, the people; for the practice of having music in taverns and inns is constantly alluded to in our old English writers. It was not alone the courtier who might say: "I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate." The itinerant fiddler, according to Bishop Earle, "made it his business to get the names of the worshipful who slept at an inn, in order that he might salute them by their names at their rising in the morning;" and indeed at the greater inns, such as we should now call hotels, there were musicians who appear to have been in some sort retainers of the house. Fynes Moryson has

given a hint of this in his *Itinerary*, when describing the arrival of a gentleman at an inn: "While he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offred musick, which he may freely take or refuse; and if he be solitary, the musicians will give him the good-day with music in the morning."

The last of these musicians who made it a regular custom to frequent taverns—"going abusking," as it was called—was Thomas Eccles, a brother of the song-composer of Queen Anne's reign. The following account of him is given by one who heard this last of the inn-minstrels play in 1735:

"It was about the month of November that I, with some friends, were met to spend the evening at a tavern in the city, when a man, in a mean but decent garb, was introduced to us by the waiter. Immediately upon opening the door, I heard the twang of one of his strings from under his coat, which was accompanied by the question: "Gentlemen, will you please to hear any music?" Our curiosity, and the modesty of the man's deportment, inclined us to say yes; and music he gave us such as I had never heard before, nor shall again under the same circumstances. With as fine and delicate a hand as I ever heard, he played the whole fifth and ninth solo of Corelli, two songs of Mr. Handel—"Del minaccian," in *Otho*, and "Spero si mio caro bene," in *Admetus*. In short, his performance was such as would command the attention of the nicest ear, and left us, his auditors, much at a loss to guess who he was. He made no secret of his name; he said he was Thomas Eccles, the youngest of three brothers; and that Henry, the middle one, had been his master, and was then in the service of the king of France. We were very little disposed to credit the account he gave us of his brother's situation in France; but the collection of solos that have been published by him at Paris, puts it out of question."

Unhappily, the moral character of poor Thomas Eccles was far inferior to his artistic one. He was idle, and given to drink; he lodged near Temple Bar, and was well known to the musicians of his time.

Contemporary with this itinerant musician lived the once celebrated *small-coal man*, Thomas Britton, who established the first concert in London. It may not be unenterprising—we believe it may even be instructive

—to give some account of this man, of whom we are told, that as he walked along the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small-coals on his back, the passers-by would say: "There goes the famous small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion of gentlemen."

Thomas Britton was born at Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire. He left his native place while a boy, and bound himself apprentice to a small-coal man in St. John Baptist's Street. "After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up business. Upon this, Tom went into Northamptonshire again, and after he had spent his money, he returned again to London, set up the small-coal trade [we are sorry for this breach of promise], and withal took a stable, and turned it into a house, which stood the next door to the little gate of St. John's of Jerusalem next Clerkewell Green. Some time after he had settled here, he became acquainted with Dr. Garenners, his near neighbor, by which means he became an excellent chemist; and perhaps he performed such things in that profession as had never been done before, with little cost and charge, by the help of a moving laboratory, *that was contrived and built by himself*, which was much admired by all of that faculty that happened to see it; inso-much that a certain gentleman of Wales was so much taken with it, that he was at the expense of carrying him down into that country on purpose to build him such another, which Tom performed to the gentleman's very great satisfaction; and for the same he received from him a very handsome and generous gratuity. Besides his great skill in chemistry, he was as famous for his knowledge of the theory of music, in the practick part of which faculty he was likewise very considerate. He was so much addicted to it, that he *pricked with his own hand*, very neatly and accurately, and left behind him a valuable collection of music . . . which was sold upon his death for near a hundred pounds."*

It was his skill in music, however, not in chemistry, which won for Britton the extraordinary place he obtained in society, which he retained, also, without any change of station, habits, or occupation. The stable trans-

* From Hearne's Appendix to his *Hemingi Chartularii Ecclesie Wygorniensis*.

formed into a house, as Hearne informs us, was very old, low built, and mean—fit habitation only for one of the humblest station; yet there assembled the wit, genius, and beauty of England, and there we have heard such strains as Her Majesty's Theatre have since scarcely surpassed. On the ground-floor was a repository for coals; over it a long narrow room, so low, that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could with difficulty be ascended. This chamber was the scene of his concerts, begun with the assistance—not pecuniary aid for they were free of expense—of Sir Roger l'Estrange, "a very musical gentleman," and frequented by all the great geniuses of the age. Here, Dr. Pepusch, or the great Handel, played the harpsichord; Bannister, or Medler, the first violin; Hughes a poet, Woolaston the painter, Shuttleworth, &c., on other instruments. Matthew Dubourg was then but a child; but his first solo played in public was performed at Britton's concert, "standing on a joint-stool;" and we are told the poor child was so awed at the splendid assembly, that he was near falling to the ground.

In addition to his reputation as a musician, Britton was known as an acute collector of rare old books and manuscripts; possessing, it may consequently be inferred, no small portion of literary taste. In these pursuits, his familiar associates were the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire. These noblemen were in the habit of meeting, at their leisure, at the shop of a bookseller called Christopher Bateman, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster Row. As St. Paul's clock struck twelve, Britton, who had then finished his morning rounds, would arrive there also, clad in his blue frock; and pitching his sack of small-coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop-window, would go in and join them; and after a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, they were wont to adjourn to the Mourning Bush,* Aldersgate, where they dined, and spent the remainder of the day.

It was doubtless a happy thing for Britton that none of his noble friends made any

* Our readers are probably aware that a bush was the old sign for a tavern. The owner of this tavern was so affected by the execution of King Charles I., that he put his bush into mourning, by painting it black; hence the house retained, for more than a century the name of the "Mourning Bush."

attempt to remove him from the station in which it pleased God to place him. They gave him their sympathy, their esteem, their society; and left him the habits, the associations, the ease, and the independence of his own birth: an example which it would be ever wise to follow. The error since has been the supposing that such tastes and so much cultivation render a man unfit for his station—displace and uproot him, as it were, and impose on him a different way of living. The blunder began when good Queen Charlotte recompensed a witty novelist by imposing on her the duties and habits of a lady's-maid; and it has gone on ever since. Let us learn from Thomas Britton that the arts may enlighten the lowliest dwelling, and cheer the humblest lot, without appearing ungraceful or out of place.

The circumstances of Britton's death were as remarkable as those of his life. Amongst the usual performers at his wonderful concerts was a magistrate for Middlesex, called Justice Robe, a man fond of practical jokes. At that period, the now well-known trick of ventriloquism had been little heard of—to Britton, it was probably quite unknown—Mr. Robe had become acquainted with a blacksmith named Honeyman, who possessed this power, and was called, in consequence, the Talking Smith.

During the time that Dr. Sacheverell was under censure, and had a great resort of friends to his house, this fellow got himself admitted, pretending that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. Dr. Sacheverell, one of the stoutest and most athletic men then living, was so terrified by him during the few minutes he was in the room, that he was found almost in fits. Aware of these extraordinary powers of Honeyman, and probably, also, of the fact that poor Britton possessed books on the Rosicrucian philosophy, and had imbibed some fantasies on the subjects of spirits, &c., from them, Robe had the folly and wickedness of trying the strength of the coalman's nerves. He invited him and Honeyman together to his house; and during the evening, Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, threw a voice into the air, which announced that Britton had but a few days to live, bidding him at the same time fall on his knees and say the Lord's Prayer, as the only means of avoiding his doom.

The poor terrified musician obeyed; went home, took to his bed, and never rose from it again. His was one of those finely strung natures which respond fatally to any stroke upon the imagination. He believed the warning as Mozart did the mysterious order for a requiem, and his fine organization yielded to his disordered fancy.

No more of those divine concerts in the poor coal-man's hospitable dwelling, no more strange chemical experiments or pleasant chats under the shelter of the Mourning Bush; the lying voice had been an unconscious prophet—Tom Britton died, and was buried; followed to his grave, in Clerkenwell Churchyard, by a great concourse of people, who, to their honor, had learned to appreciate genius, honesty, and generosity, under the poor coalman's blue linen gown.

There is a picture of him in the Museum, painted by his friend Woolaston, beneath which are the following lines:

"Though doomed to small-coal, yet to arts allied—

Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;

Music's best patron, judge of books and men,

Beloved and honored by Apollo's train.
In Greece or Rome, sure never did appear
So bright a genius in so dark a sphere;
More of the man had artfully been saved,
Had Kneller painted and had Vertue graved.

It is greatly to be desired that a taste for music as good as that manifested by these "sons of the people" should spread abroad amongst them now; and this appears likely to be the case from the improved style of the street-music. Let every sweet strain that floats upon the air hereafter, bring to us the hope and the wish that this gentle taste may be, indeed, so stealing upon the hearts of Englishmen, that it may work a greater wonder than it did of yore, in the days of Amphion or Orpheus—that of overcoming the evil of the gin-palace and the beer-shop, and make men meet together, not for the purposes of debasing, but of ennobling their nature.

A few such concerts as Britton commenced—humble, unpretending, and elevating—would as much tend to exalt the people as his tastes did to exalt himself. Let us trust that we may yet see the day of music amongst the million.

WOMANLY HEELS: "PONERSE EN CHAPINES."

—The *chapines*, in Spanish, were a kind of clog or overshoe, supposed at one time to be more properly the dress of married ladies. Hence the phrase "*poner en chapines*," used actively ("to put in clogs or overshoes") means to *espouse a woman, to marry*. The same phrase used in the middle form, but with a passive signification, "*ponerse en chapines*" ("to be put in clogs or overshoes,") applies to the woman, and means to be married. Usually, however, it is applied, perhaps invidiously, in cases where the bride is raised by the alliance to a higher position in society. Is not something similar meant by the not very flattering phrase in our own language, "a cat in pattens?"

"*Ponerse en chapines*" is also applied to any individual who, without merit or qualifications, is advanced or raised to honor: for instance, where, in the public service, an unworthy person is promoted through interest over the heads of the meritorious, which I suppose sometimes happens—in Spain.

The *chapines* sometimes had high heels, for the purpose of increasing the wearer's apparent stature. So that "*ponerse en chapines*" is in a measure equivalent to the English expression "to be set on stilts."

What has been offered may possibly throw some light on the phrase "womanly heels." Perhaps the querist will have the kindness to state where it occurs.

It may be allowable to add, that the Spanish idea of regarding a particular kind of clogs or overshoes as proper to married women, may throw some light upon the term "shoeing-horn," as employed in Kent. "Shoeing-horn," says Halliwell, "is anything which helps to draw something on, an inducement." In Kent, when a lass has a fancy for a lad, and attempts to attract his attention by encouraging another, it is said of that other, "she wants to make a shoeing-horn of him;" in other words, she wishes, through his instrumentality, "*ponerse en chapines*."—*Notes and Queries*.

PASSAGE FROM BISHOP BERKELEY.—Bishop Berkeley says:

"The continual decrease of fluids, the sinking of hills, and the diminution of planetary motions, afford so many natural proofs which show this world had a beginning."—*Minute Philosopher*, Dialogue VI. s. 23.

What does this mean? Does it refer to some theory now exploded?

With regard to the supposed diminution of planetary motions, I am aware of the hypothesis of an ethereal resisting medium pervading space; but that of course cannot be alluded to for it is an inference drawn from comparatively recent observations.—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Spectator.

SMITH'S CITY POEMS.*

THE author of a "Life Drama" has in these *City Poems* improved upon his first work, though the improvement is rather of a technical or secondary kind than extending to the weightier matters of design and substance. Each poem is more complete in itself than was the "Life Drama"; the general treatment is more distinct, the execution more finished. The most ambitious poems in this volume want the largeness and comprehensiveness of design which characterized Mr. Smith's first work, with whatever wild crudeness that design might be wrought out. A grave fault we formerly noticed is still conspicuous, though it may be less prominent and more under control than before. In the review of "A Life Drama,"† it was remarked—"The absence of any sense of the human beings among whom life is passed, of any delight in any human relation except that between young men and beautiful women, is a more serious blot" [than a limited sameness of topics]. . . . "That man has no sound and healthy heart to whom only one phase of human life has charms, and who when that is over can find nothing in the world worth living and caring for." This grave fault is now so far amended that the spirit is less sensual and bare; but it is still the love which is erotic if not illicit—that love which has no regard to duties and consequences—

"Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother."

Three of the six "City Poems" are short and occasional; yet one of these three—"The Night before the Wedding"—contains the regret of the bridegroom for some old love of "ten years ago." All the larger pieces are founded on a similar theme; and besides the moral objection, a sameness is introduced which approaches to the worst of mannerism—mannerism of subject.

Action! action! action! reiterated the great orator of antiquity concerning the qualities necessary to the speaker. The critic may say the same of the importance of "subject" to the poet. Mr. Smith, in common with a great many other verse-writers, has overlooked this necessity. "Squire

* *City Poems*. By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life Drama, and other Poems." Published by Macmillan, Cambridge.

† *Spectator* for 1863, page 300.

Maurice," one of the longer poems, is the confession of a young gentleman's passion for a girl beneath him, which he wants strength of will to break through, and which he will not sanctify by marriage. Besides touching upon the great fault already alluded to, the theme is trite; and the treatment of the collateral parts, where the author appears in his own person, has a tone of disagreeable persiflage. "Horton" contains a sketch of the various clerks employed in a Glasgow counting-house, with samples of their conversation, that leads to the tale of Horton himself. And he, it seems, was a scribe with a promising poetical genius; but he drank himself to death, in consequence of the accidental drowning of the girl to whom he was engaged. "A Boy's Poem" is apparently autobiographical. It describes the death of the writer's father, a boyish fever, the poverty of his mother which compelled her to place him as clerk in a factory, the first impressions that poetry and the country made upon his mind, with some feeling allusions to his mother's piety and excellences. The most conspicuous feature in the poem is the hero's passion for a girl employed in the same factory, who first laughs at him, and then jilts him,—as if jilting can exist where one can see even through the sentimental narrative that the lover received little encouragement. Surely, in a second work, appearing after an interval of full four years, the world has a right to look for larger and more solid matter than all this in a poet whose first appearance was hailed by some as indicating a probable successor to Keats or Shelley and a rival to Tennyson. No doubt, it is the function of a poet not only to throw the light of his own genius over common-seeming things, but to endow the particular with the universal. This can only be done by selecting something which is really a type, whatever the superficial may think, or by endowing the subject with large and general characteristics that it did not possess in itself. We do not trace this in the volumes before us. They go no further themselves, unless in such an obvious moral that a man should not throw away life and character for a misfortune common to humanity. This moral, however, is not pointed by the poet, for he sympathizes with Horton, and defends him.

Alexander Smith has been charged with wholesale plagiarism, and numerous passages

have been adduced in proof of the charge. We attribute little weight to the borrowing of single sentiments or ideas; for a work must be judged by its substance, structure, and execution. Burns probably took "the rank a but the guinea-stamp" from Wycherly. Pope's "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne," has been traced, through various writers, down, we think, to Crashaw. Smith's lines in the description of a village in "Squire Maurice"—

"Here black-eyed Richard ruins red-cheeked
Moll,
Indifferent as a lord to her despair"—

resembles Rosetta's remark on Hodge's conduct in *Love in a Village*; but it is too common a thought to found a charge upon. So is the following description of the writer's young love's dream for the factory-girl, though it *might* have been suggested by Burn's account of his boyish passion for a red-faced, red-handed lass who worked in the fields. It does contain, by the by, an epithet of Cowper; and the image of a king's progress through a city looks as if taken from *Richard the Second*.

"Her frequent duties led her through our
room:

I thrilled, when through the noises of the day
I caught her door, the rustle of her dress,
Her coming footsteps. O, that little foot
Did more imperiously stir my blood
Than the heart-shaking trumpets of a king
Heard through the rolling, ever-deepening
shout,

When houses, peopled to the chimney-tops,
Lean forward, eager for the coming sight.
She flew across our room with sudden gleam,
Like bird of Paradise. Sometimes she
paused,

And tossed amongst us a few crumbs of
speech,

Or pelted us in sport with saucy words,
Then vanished, like a star into a cloud."

The fault approaching to plagiarism, which we object to in Mr. Smith, is of a more general kind, involving the unreality which accompanies imitation. His style seems not his own; there is always an echo of somebody but chiefly of Tennyson. A mischievous consequence attends this imitative faculty; the style is very often not appropriate to the subject. The high-pitched sentiment and stilted elevation are rather out of place in narrating the loves and fortunes of Glasgow clerks.

Still there is undoubtedly poetry in this volume—that something which for want of a

more definite term we call poetical spirit, and is distinctly separated from the loftiest and richest prose. This may often be marred by crudity overlaying, often dashed by positive defects; but there it is.

The most sustained poem of the whole is "The Night before the Wedding"; for the objection to a man marrying a woman while still dwelling on "the long-lost passion of his youth" is moral, not critical.

"The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed, hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

"'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like Autumn mid his wither'd leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding-bells
Will make a music in the air."

* * * * *
"The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So I love thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth)
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.
O, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes.
Fair tress in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times;
And now 'tis done. My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years,
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

"Then ring in the wind, my wedding-chimes,
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride,"

Putting together what is publicly known of Mr. Smith's early struggles, and the evidently autobiographical matter of this volume, all his sameness and most of his defects are, as we formerly hinted, readily accounted for. Long seeing little more of nature than could be observed in the streets and purlieus of Glasgow, knowing no other society than its clerks, and no social pleasures but what were connected with them and their compan-

ions, he naturally reproduces that which he best knows, or, which comes to the same thing, that which has made the strongest impression on his mind. But the world when looking for substance and variety, gives small consideration to the reasons why it does

not get them. It must also be borne in mind, that the effect of a novelty and surprise of a first work, produced under circumstances of difficulty, can never be repeated, nor perhaps the partial feelings by which it was originally hailed.

EARLIEST NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.—In reply to your correspondent W. W., I beg to furnish you with an abstract or short summary of the contents of this first American newspaper, which he refers to as being in existence at the State Paper Office, London.

After a preamble, or introduction, pointing out the designs of this publication, which is to be monthly, or oftener, it states that—

“The Christianized Indians in some parts of Plymouth appoint a day of thanksgiving (a good example) for the mercies of God in supplying the late want of corn, and giving them the prospect of a comfortable harvest.—Notwithstanding the great drawback in the departure of forces for Canada, the favorableness of the season has prevented their feeling the lack of laboring hands.—Two children, aged 11 and 9 years, belonging to an inhabitant of Chelmsford missing, supposed to be fallen into the hands of the Indians.—At Watertown, an old man having recently buried his wife and fallen into a melancholy, hanged himself.—Prevalence of fevers and agues, in some parts a malignant fever runs through a whole family, often proving mortal.—The small-pox, which has been raging in Boston, now much abated,—more cases, altho’ not so mortal, than when it visited them 12 years ago.—The number of deaths in the visitation from the complaint in Boston about 320, June, July, and August, being the most obnoxious months. Prayers oftentimes in the congregations for above 100 sick. It even infected children *in utero*.—There was a great fire a few weeks since in Boston with 20 houses near the Millcreek burned. Another fire broke out about midnight between the 16th and 17th instant, near the South Meeting-house, which consumed about 5 or 6 houses. The meeting house, a handsome edifice, most wonderfully preserved. In the house where the fire originated a young man lost his life. The best furnished printing press in America destroyed also, a loss not easily repaired.—Arrival at Piscataque of one Papoon, in a shallop from Penobscot, whence he had run away. He belonged to a small vessel bound from Bristol to Virginia that put in at Penobscot thro’ distress, when the Indians and French seized her and butchered the master and several of the men.—Account of the Western expedition against Canada.—An army of near 2500 men and a navy of 32 sail started under the command of Sir William Phipps.

Meanwhile the English colonists in the West raised forces to the number of 5 or 600, with General Winthrop at their head. The Maquas join him. Other Indian nations expected, but they disappoint him. The Maquas invade the French territory with some success, but use great barbarity. Misunderstanding between the General and the Lieut.-Governor of New York on the return of the former to Albany.—Two English captives escaped from the Indians and French at Pescadanoquady came into Portsmouth on the 16th inst. and relate an account of the barbarities exercised at Port Real by Capt. Mason upon the Indians, who in revenge butchered 40 of our people who were captives.—Letter of News arrived via Barbadoes to Capt. H. K. of the 19th August.—Account from Plimouth of Sept. 22. Pegypscot fort surrounded on the night of the 12th inst., but not finding any Indians they marched to Amonoscoggin. There on the Lord’s day they killed 15 or 16 of the enemy and recovered five English captives.—At Macquoit, young Bracket makes his escape. They land at Saco and meet with similar success, taking 9 canoes and an English captive named Thomas Baker, &c. Engagement with the Indians in Cascoe Bay, the various losses enumerated,” &c. &c.

“Boston, printed by R. Pierce for Benjamin Harris, at the London Coffee House, 1690.”—*Notes and Queries.*

MARY TOFTS, THE RABBIT WOMAN.—What was the character of the rabbit-imposture by which Miss Tofts deluded Whiston and St. André in 1726? Where may I find the fullest narrative?

[A complete list of the works, tracts, squibs, plates, and plays, connected with this curious imposture of rabbit-breeding by the heroine of Godalming in Surrey, would fill about two pages of our work. Some collector at the time has filled a thick, octavo volume of these fugitive tracts and plates, which is now in the British Museum, press mark 1178, h. 4. But for more accessible works consult Mackay’s *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*, 8vo., 1841; *The English Rogue, or the Life of Jeremy Sharpe*, vol. III. 1776; Hogarth’s *Works* by Nichols and Stevens, vol. II. pp. 49–60; and *Reliquia Hearniana*, II. 614.]—*Notes and Queries.*

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ART PALACE AT MANCHESTER.

THE great, smoky, busy city of Manchester has at length done a thing which, for a time, must make it the most observed place in England. Its Art Treasures Exhibition is a spectacle such as the world has never before seen—never, indeed, has been in circumstances to produce till now. Imagine that, leaving the murky town behind, you come out westward into a country of wide-spreading green meadows, interspersed slightly with villages and groups of pleasant suburban residences; there, beside a railway, rises a large building of peculiar aspect, reminding you generally of the magical-looking Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, with a gay-colored front in three lofty arches, where carriages are continually arriving and departing. This is the Art Treasures Exhibition of Manchester—a temporary palace, we may say, reared for the purpose which its name in some degree expresses. England, it has been declared on high authority, possesses not merely a great body of works of art, the product of its own genius, but the greater number of all the fine pictures that have been produced by foreign artists since the revival. To assemble these from the private and public galleries amongst which they are dispersed, in one great place, where you could at once see and study what it would otherwise take months to visit, and what practically it was impossible otherwise for any one to see, was the idea conceived by the originator of this singular spectacle, Mr. J. C. Deane, and which the Merchant Princes of Manchester—wisely deeming it a worthy task—have worked out. The result is one which could only have been realized in a country or province of great wealth, and in a time of peace, prosperity, and general mutual amity and good feeling throughout the various sections of the community. As to the preparation of the house, there were 109 men of Manchester combining to guarantee the sum of £72,500 for expenses—thirty-six of them undertaking £1000 each! On the other hand, the object being the gratification and improvement of the People, the People of the whole country, there were nobles and men of wealth everywhere agreeing to take down the most treasured works of art from their walls, that they might be gathered together here; thereby undergoing, it must be admitted, some inconvenience, and even encountering

the risk of great and irreparable loss. When we consider these circumstances, we must be prepared to own that even the outward splendors of the place scarcely come up to the moral considerations connected with it. One feels it to be symptomatic of a social suavity as connected with the onward march of industry, seeming to indicate that our community, diversified as it is in pursuits and conditions, is still at heart one—the English People.

The house may be described as consisting of one central arched hall, 632 feet long, by 104 broad, and 56½ in height, crossed near one end by a transept of 200 feet in length, being thus so far in the form of a great cathedral; the small part beyond the transept being occupied wholly as an orchestra. The spaces left by the cross form of the building are, however, filled up by side-saloons, corresponding to *aisles*; so that the entire area occupied is a strict parallelogram in figure. The arched ceilings of these various apartments have a space glazed for the admission of light. Entering at the east end, we have the fine vista of the central hall full before us, terminated in the remote distance by the ornamental front of a large organ. Rows of statues, of figures in ancient armor, and of glazed cases for articles of ornamental art run along in double line; while the walls on both sides are clothed to a great height with pictures, being the portraits of the historical personages of England. In the side-saloon to the left are hung 1100 pictures by ancient masters. That on the right is filled with the choice productions of our own national school. In a suite of smaller apartments at the west end, are upwards of a thousand of the finest water-color drawings by English masters, including more than fifty of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Turner. There is also a gallery around the transept and adjacent parts of the nave, containing an immense assemblage of engravings of all ages, besides numberless photographic miniatures. The general effect is gay, impressive, and beautiful.

Great was the excitement in Manchester when, on a gray day of May, with a cool east wind blowing, one who is in a sense "the Prince of all the land" came to formally declare this magnificent exhibition open to the public. The streets, particularly those near the Art Palace, were full of the children of Labor, dirty, but good-humored, all eager to

catch a glimpse of the royal visitor and the other distinguished persons concerned in the ceremony. Within the house were assembled perhaps 8000 ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of them holders of costly season-tickets, for such was the mode of selection adopted, in order that the crowd might be kept in moderation. Round a dais surmounted by a throne, in the centre of the transept, stood a row of ambassadors and English nobles, mingled with native gentlemen concerned in preparing the exhibition, several of whom wore court-dresses or the military uniform suitable to their character as deputy-lieutenants of the county. The scene was one of the utmost brilliancy and grace, chiefly by reason of the abundance of ladies, who were in general attired in a style of elegance which seems to be in some degree peculiar to rich mercantile communities. There was nothing remarkable in the ceremonies of the occasion. The Prince stood modestly up while listening to and replying to the various addresses brought before him by official persons. The Bishop of Manchester read an appropriate prayer; and the orchestra gave the Queen's Anthem and other airs with thrilling effect. Every outward demonstration sank beneath the sentiment of the affair—the consideration of what had brought all these people together, and what might be expected to result therefrom.

The study or enjoyment of the exhibition itself, we found to be a matter for many days, and still the treasure was left unexhausted. Somehow one finds that he cannot live upon pictures alone. After an hour is spent in surveying some particular department, he is glad to come to the transept, and take a seat beneath the orchestra where Mr. Halle is trying to regale another taste; or mayhap he lounges to the refreshment-room for the sake of a sandwich or a jelly wherewith to restore his flagging strength. Then he goes back again, catalogue in hand, to the pictures, pastures his senses upon them for another hour, and then requires another interval of relaxation. So a day passes, and at the end one is rather surprised to find how little it has accomplished in making himself acquainted with the innumerable articles submitted to his gaze. Perhaps the most rational course of procedure is to go to the ancient masters first, and there trace the art from its rude and simple beginnings in the

fourteenth century down to its glorious perfection in the sixteenth. The subjects being for the most part expressive of the religious ideas of a form of Christianity out of which we have advanced, are apt to be of little or limited interest to us. But viewing the matter simply with a regard to the human faculties concerned in art, it is certainly curious to observe the progress made from the stiff, hard, irrelative figures of the times of Cimabue and Giotto, to the fine compositions and coloring of the days of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. And for this study, materials truly ample are here presented. Then come, in sections by themselves, groups of the works of Tintoretto, of Murillo, of Rubens, and his Flemish associates, showing how art was affected by national peculiarities and tendencies. There chances to be an uncommonly large assemblage of Murillo's—no fewer than thirty-five—including his portrait of himself; and perhaps no special group in the exhibition is calculated to make a deeper impression. The feeling which this prince of the Spanish school imparts to his faces seems of unapproachable truthfulness. One looks with reverence on the earnest, genius-lighted face of him who could create such images of beauty, to be "a joy forever." Of Raphael there are twenty-eight pieces, gathered out of nearly as many collections. Titian is represented by thirty works, amongst which will be found "The Adoration of the Shepherds," a picture formerly belonging to the collection of Charles I. Rubens appears in great force. His famous "Rainbow Landscape," formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa, now in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford, is here; so also is his magnificently terrible "Prometheus tortured by the Vultures." His contributions are in all forty. Vandyck, Teniers, and Rembrandt are all brought before us in scarcely less abundant illustration. It would be endless to speak of particular works.

The paintings of modern British artists afford, of course, an opportunity of judging whether we have advanced, in this art, upon the continental men of the middle ages. In point of general worthiness of subject, there can be no doubt of an improvement; and if the opinion of an individual were of any account, we should be inclined to say that, overlooking a few gems of the past, the workmanship has advanced also. However this

may be, we have here a series of large saloons filled with the very choicest pictures produced amongst us since the beginning of the last century. The choiceness is verified by one circumstance of which many may judge—namely, that so many are pictures from which we remember having seen engravings. The connoisseur has another proof of the fact, in recognizing so many that have been the works of mark in the successive National Academy exhibitions of the last few years. It is evident, from the crowdedness of the rooms, that this is the favorite part of the show, so far as paintings are concerned. To come to particular masters—there are several of the prime works of Hogarth, including those singular comicalities, "The March of the Guards to Finchley," and "the Southwark Fair." There are many portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a few of his miscellaneous pieces. Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, and West, give numerous specimens of the age of the Third George; while Lawrence, Stothard, Constable, Collins, and many other artists of the ensuing reign are not less abundantly represented. Of Wilkie we have here all the chief of those wonderful domestic pieces which have given him such celebrity—the "Blind Man's Buff," the "Rent Day," the "Distraint for Rent," &c.—besides several of his less happy, but still elaborate efforts in the historical line, and a portrait of his father and mother—the former in every respect the douce Scotch country parson; the latter, exactly the kind of person whom we might have expected to remark, as she is said to have done, when she heard her son David so much spoken of: "I wiss they saw Andrew;" said Andrew being a good-looking young grocer. There are many works of Etty, of Landseer, of Leslie, of Danby, Maclise, Frith, Stanfield, Ward, and other men still or recently alive. That happy joke by Landseer, styled "Alexander and Diogenes;" also his "There is Life in the Old Dog yet"—a grand work—arrest universal attention. The pitying eye is drawn irresistibly by Ward's "Charlotte Corday led to Execution." Roberts is here with his magnificent interiors of cathedrals. George Harvey, Sir John Watson Gordon, Graham Gilbert, Faed, and others of the northern school, occupy the breadth that is due to their signal merits. Here, in especial, is Gordon's wonderful piece of life, "the Provost

of Peterhead," the very essence of Scotch sagacity and humor. Here, too, is Gilbert's beautiful portrait of Sir John himself, in a court-dress; here, too, the exquisite "Dr. Wardlaw" of Macnee. To any one conversant with the works of modern artists, it is like meeting with old friends—old friends, many of whom have been for years lost to sight, imprisoned in distant private galleries or otherwise; here miraculously, and past hope, brought together before our eyes again, all as pleasant to look on and converse with as ever. If so enjoyable in recognition to the simple public, how much more so must many of these pictures be to their authors! It is one of the sad conditions of a painter's life that the cherished work of his talents leaves him; and only too glad is he when it does so, never perhaps to be seen by him more. Imagine the feelings of an artist on coming hither, and finding several of his most favorite pieces, parted with perhaps twenty years ago, and not since beheld even once, or expected ever to be seen again. The accomplishment of such reunions seems to us one of the most agreeable circumstances resulting from the exhibition.

The department of British historical portraiture, occupying the principal part of the side-walls of the nave, forms in itself a peculiar and unique exhibition which it would have been well to form, even if alone. It commences with portraits of Richard II. and Henry IV., and goes on through the three succeeding centuries, bringing before us the principal royal and other personages who have figured in the more picturesque and romantic part of our history. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, with the chief men of their courts, are largely illustrated. So are the family and court of Charles I., whose portrait by Mytens, going out hunting with his queen and the dwarf Hudson, is an especial gem. There is a copious series of the frail beauties of the subsequent reign, painted by Lely. The chief ministers, warriors, and men of thought of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries are here—and no small gratification it is to observe in them those particulars of complexion, color of hair and eyes, which we look for in vain in the engravings of Houbraken and Lodge. In some instances, the portrait itself may be said to have a history. For example, that of Lord Falkland—the Falkland of Clarendon—full-

length in a remarkably pale style, which, being in the possession of Horace Walpole, suggested to him the figure walking from the frame in his *Castle of Otranto*. As another instance, we have the identical picture of the Infanta of Spain which the Duke of Buckingham brought from Spain, to recommend her to the hand of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. Still another—one of the celebrated portraits of the Kit-cat Club, painted for Jacob Tonson the bookseller, has been contributed by Tonson's representative, Mr. Baker. The catalogue of this part of the collection has been prepared by Mr. Peter Cunningham, with large benefit from his peculiar knowledge of English biographical anecdote, many of the articles having notes appended, briefly but judiciously pointing out some interesting particular as to the subject, the artist, the circumstances under which the portrait was painted, or its subsequent history. Thus, with reference to Jonathan Richardson's portrait of Matthew Prior the poet, a letter of Prior to Swift, dated May, 1720, is quoted: 'Richardson has made an excellent picture of me, from whence Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue.' This little sentence, it will be observed, brings before us at once the satisfaction of the poet with the portrait, and the fact of its being done for his friend and political associate, the Earl of Oxford. In some instances, men historically connected with each other, are curiously brought together on these walls. Boswell figures beside his Johnson; Lockhart succeeds Gifford, as he did in the *Quarterly Review*. Between a pleasing pair of heads, Prince Charles and his Clementina Walkingshaw, stands a small full-length of Rob Roy, represented with his broad-sword in his hand, and his target on his arm, as he might have appeared at Sheriffmuir. There is a melancholy interest in the fates of many of the historical personages here depicted; and it is curious to cast the eye along the wall and say, "Here is Charles I.—beheaded: here is his friend, the first Duke of Hamilton—beheaded, here is the Marquis of Huntly, a prince in his own land, and a steadfast friend of King Charles—alas! also beheaded. There is the Earl of Derby—beheaded. There is the Duke of Buckingham—assassinated. Here stands Hampden—fell in battle. Here is Cromwell, whose fate it was, after being virtually monarch of England, to be dragged

from the grave, and hung on a gallows!" Not less impressive is it to turn to the many of comparatively little worth—self-indulgent, perhaps profligate—who lived through all their days in unmerited ease, and came to gentle deaths at last. We may hope that in the larger catalogue which is preparing, we shall have the means of drawing many a moral reflection from this part of the exhibition, not to speak of the historical knowledge which, when duly treated, it is fitted to impart.

The two rows of statues, which line the central avenue in the nave, as examples of the modern British school of sculpture, may perhaps be thought limited and deficient in variety; but they include several of the works which have made the greatest impression on the public. We need only mention Baily's "Eve at the Fountain," Calder Marshall's "Ophelia," Gibson's "Narcissus," Westmacott's "Peri," and Lawrence Macdonald's "Bacchante," to show the nature of the collection. Their effect as objects in the general view of the nave is extremely fine.

There remains to be noticed a department of the exhibition which would require an article to itself—indeed a volume might be written about it—and yet we can give it only a few sentences. This is the Museum, as it may well be called, of ornamental art, occupying a double series of glazed cases behind the rows of statues. The beautiful crystal articles which were made at Venice in the sixteenth century, curiously decorated with internal lace-work or the most exquisite outward carving—the rich porcelain of Holland and France—the superb goldsmith-work of the middle ages—the numberless kinds of decorated utensils and furniture which used then to adorn great mansions—the arms and armour of the heroes of those days—are all here largely exemplified. One may spend hours over a single case of these valuables, many of which are unique. We must not name a single specimen, for it would be simple injustice to the rest; but we cannot pass from the subject without remarking the liberality of the directors with reference to this section. M. Soulages of Toulouse had devoted himself, some years ago, to the collecting of articles of ornamental art, chiefly in Italy, and he had been highly successful. Finding latterly the taste for such objects advancing, and their value increased, he offered

his collection for sale. It was bought by a set of English gentlemen, who trusted that it might be finally taken off their hands by the English nation, with a view to the improvement of art in our country. Being disappointed in this hope, they were on the point of selling it off by auction, when the committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition came to the rescue, purchased the collection, and placed it here. For a time, then, the hammer of destiny is suspended; the Soulages collection may yet be kept together.

And now, good friends, you know something of this great affair which has sprung up

at Manchester. Live you near or far, we recommend you to try to pay it a visit. It is literally "such an opportunity as rarely occurs;" indeed it never occurred before in the world's history, and no one can say how many years or generations may pass before it can occur again. Let, then, no light obstacles stay you. Go—go with your wives and children—take with you all over whom you have any influence, to see, to study, to profit by this wonderful assemblage of the works of fictile genius. You will infallibly return wiser and better men.

LORD NELSON AND JACK RIDER THE LOBLOLLY BOY.—"Jack was what they call loblolly boy on board the 'Victory.' It was his duty to do anything and everything that was required—from sweeping and washing the deck, and saying 'Amen' to the chaplain, down to cleaning the guns, and helping the doctor to make pills and plasters, and mix medicines. Four days before the battle that was so glorious to England, but so fatal to its greatest hero, Jack was ordered by the doctor to fetch a bottle that was standing in a particular place. Jack ran off, post haste, to the spot, where he found what appeared to be an empty bottle. Curiosity was uppermost; 'What,' thought Jack, 'can there be about this empty bottle?' He examined it carefully, but couldn't comprehend the mystery, so he thought that he would call in the aid of a candle, to throw light on the subject. The bottle contained *ether*, and the result of the examination was that the vapor ignited, and the flames extended to some of the sails, and also to a part of the ship. There was a general confusion—running with buckets and what not—and, to make matters worse, the fire was rapidly extending to the powder magazine. During the hubbub, Lord Nelson was in the chief cabin writing dispatches. His lordship heard the noise—he couldn't do otherwise—and so, in a loud voice, he called out, 'What's all that d—d noise about?' The boatswain answered, 'My Lord, the loblolly boy's set fire to an empty bottle, and it's set fire to the ship.' 'O!' said Nelson, 'that's all, is it? I thought the enemy had boarded us and taken us all prisoners—you and loblolly must put it out, and take care we're not blown up! but pray make as little noise about it as you can, or I can't go on with my dispatches,' and with these words Nelson went to his desk, and continued his writing with the greatest coolness."—*Dixon's Stories of the Craven Dales.*

This anecdote is true, and Captain Carlake of Sidmouth permits me to use his name in

corroboration. He was an officer of "The Victory" at the time, and heard Nelson use the above words.—*Notes and Queries.*

WILKIE'S "RENT DAY."—The principal group of figures in Wilkie's "Rent Day," is accurately explained in the letter-press description of his published works. When the picture first appeared, I was told by an intimate friend of Wilkie what the painter intended to represent.

It will be remembered that the most prominent figure is an old man, in a light-colored great-coat, standing at the steward's table. The key to the explanation is, that this old man is supposed to be completely deaf. He has paid his money, as he supposes correctly. But the steward, whose countenance expresses craft and rapacity, imagines there is some mistake. He grasps with one hand the bank notes, and is endeavoring to understand the explanation which a friend of the deaf man, leaning behind him, is attempting to give, with the help of money, spread upon the table, as counters. This perplexity is shared by two men standing farther back; one of them puzzling himself by endeavoring to do the sum upon paper, and the other, not more successful, in reckoning the account on his fingers.

Meanwhile, the deaf man, the occasion of all this difficulty, stands entirely unmoved, his countenance expressing only stolid indifference.

It is remarkable that in this picture, and in his "Blind Fiddler," Wilkie should have concentrated so much interest about two men suffering under the infirmities of want of sight and hearing.

In the "Rent Day," there is a triumph of art in the representation of a familiar and almost instantaneous effect, in the man coughing in the centre of the picture.

Did any painter ever represent a sneeze?

—*Notes and Queries.*

T. C.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE DEAD.

DR. REED, a traveller through the highlands of Peru, is said to have found, lately, in the desert of Alcoma, the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, five or six hundred in number, men, women, and children, seated in a semicircle, as when alive, staring into the burning waste before them. They had not been buried; life had not departed before they thus sat around; but hope was gone; the Spanish invaders were at hand, and no hope being left, they had come hither to die. They still sit immovable in the dreary desert, dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air; and still keep their position, sitting up as in solemn council, while o'er the Areopagus silence broods everlasting.

With dull and lurid skies above,
And burning wastes around,
A lonely traveller journeyed on
Through solitude profound.
No wandering bird's adventurous wing
Paused o'er the cheerless waste;
No tree across those dreary lands
A welcome shadow cast.

With scorching, pestilential breath
The desert blast swept by,
And with a dull and brazen gaze
The sun looked from the sky.
Yet onward still, though worn with toil,
The eager wanderer press'd,
While earnest hope lit up his eye,
And nerv'd his fainting breast.

Why paused he in his onward course—
Why held his struggling breath—
Why gazed he with bewild'ring eye
In this the vale of death?
Before him sat, in stern array,
All hushed, as if in dread,
Yet cold, and motionless, and calm,
A concourse of the dead.

Across the burning waste they gazed,
With fixed and stony eye,
As if strange fear had chain'd erewhile
Their gaze on vacancy.
And woe and dread on every brow
In changeless lines were wrought—
Sad traces of the anguish deep
That filled their latest thought.

They seem'd a race of other times,
O'er whom the desert blast
For many a long and weary age
In its fierce wrath had pass'd;
Till, scathed, and dried each wasted form
Its rigid aspect wore,
Unchang'd as years successive pass'd
The lonely desert o'er.

Was it the clash of foreign arms—
Was it the invader's tread
From which this simplest minded race
In wildest terror fled,
Choosing amid the desert's sands,
Scorch'd by the desert's breath,

Rather than by the invader's steel,
To meet the stroke of death?

And there they died, a free-born race,
From their proud hills away;
While round them, in its lonely pride,
The far, free desert lay.
And there, unburied, still they sit,
All statue-like and cold;
Free e'en in death, though o'er their homes
Oppression's tide hath roll'd

ROOM REQUIRED OF COMPANY.

YE Muffs of understanding small,
Housed in the Street of Leadenhall,
Of Indian matters what a mess
You've made through sleepy senselessness,
And indolent cupidity!—
We'd rather have your room than your Company.

Old gentlemen, you unawares,
Caught napping in your easy-chairs,
Your army in rebellion find;
And must, unless you're deaf and blind
From what you hear, distinctly see
We'd rather have your room than your Company.

In Parliament your jobs no more
Disguised, and glossed, and varnished o'er,
By interested rogues, you'll get
That House of yours in order set;
For on this point we all agree:
We'd rather have your room than your Company.
—Punch.

CANZONET.

SONG OF THE SUMMER-BIRD!

I love thee well:
At balmy morning heard,
Echoing through grove and grot and dell,
Like the last accents of a fond farewell,
Or Love's impassioned word
Breathed from the heart with music's softest
swell.

SONG OF THE SUMMER-BIRD!

Thy sweet notes seem
Like strains of harmony heard
In some delicious dream;
As in the west melts fast the day's last beam,
And Zephyr has the leaves all gently stirred,
O'er the soul com'st thou then like peace's
blissful stream.

—Rev. M. Vicary.

HERE A WAR, THERE A WAR.

TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

HERE A War, there a War, wondering JOHNNY,
When you've done wondering, pay for the
game;
Come, tell us frankly, you, JOHN, think it dear,
eh?

Punch must inform you that he thinks the
same.

From The Home Journal.

WILLIS AT SUNNYSIDE.

No. II.

Sleepy Hollow—“Green Lane”—Character of the Road—House of the Dutch Family who keep the Keys of the Hollow—Boyish Reminiscences of Mr. Irving’s—Monument of Andre—Haunted Bridge of Logs—Brom Bones’ Pumpkin—Family Tomb of the Irving’s.

IDLEWILD, August 12, 1857.

DEAR MORRIS: I am to go on, I believe, with the account of my privileged day passed with Mr. Irving—or, rather, with a description of the drive in the afternoon through Sleepy Hollow. Like the gay horses we did it with, however, I must be indulged in a pre-*amble* before coming down to the plain trot of my narrative—entering my individual protest, that is to say, against the Sketch Book’s rather sweeping theory as to the “influence of the air.”

I mean to state nothing but what soberly occurred, and I dreamed no “dreams”—(except while looking into Mr. Irving’s dark eyes as I sat opposite him in the carriage, and those dreams of intercourse with a gifted spirit I could record only in verse)—yet you remember what he writes of even stray visitors to Sleepy Hollow: “However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions.” To which as I said before, I enter my protest in the proper Latin of the law: *non est invent-us*—(let us invent nothing.)

We wound out from the smooth graveled and circling avenues of “Wolfert’s dell,” and took to the rougher turnpike leading to Tarrytown—following it, however, only for a mile or so, and then turning abruptly off to the right, at what seemed a neglected by-road to the hills. Of the irregular semicircle of Sleepy Hollow, this is the Sunnyside end, the other opening towards Tarrytown, which lies three miles farther up the river.

Our road presently grew very much like what in England is called “a green lane,” the undisturbed grass growing to the very edge of the single wheel-track; and this lovely carpeting, which I observed all through Sleepy Hollow, is, you know, an unusual feature for our country—the “spring work” on the highways, ordinarily, (under the direc-

tion of the “pathmaster,”) consisting mainly in ploughing up the road-sides and matting up the ruts with the *ass-ass*-inated greensward. For the example of this charming difference I am ready to bless the bewitchment of the “high-German doctor,” or even to thank the ghost of the “old Indian chief who held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered.”

With what attention I could take off from Mr. Irving’s conversation and his busy pointings-out of the localities and beauties of the valley, I was of course, on the look-out for the “Sleepy Hollow Boys” along the road; but, oddly enough, I did not see a living soul in the entire distance! For the “Headless Horseman,” it was, doubtless, too early in the afternoon. We had, neither of us, any expectation of being honored with an introduction to him. But I did hope for a look at a “Hans Van Ripper” or a “Katrina Van Tassel”—certainly, at the very least, for a specimen or two of the young Mynheers, “in their square-skirted coats with stupendous brass buttons,” and their “hair queued up in an eel-skin.” Mr. Irving pointed out an old tumble-down farm-house, still occupied, he said, by the Dutch family who traditionally “keep the keys to Sleepy Hollow,” but there was not a soul to be seen hanging over the gate, or stirring around porch or cow-yard. There were several other and newer houses, though still of the same model—(or, to quote exactly Mr. Irving’s words, in reply to my remark upon it, “always built crouching low, and always overlooking a little fat meadow”)—but they were equally without sign of living inhabitant. Yet read again what Mr. Irving says of the vegetating eternity of the inhabitants, in his own account of Sleepy Hollow, and see how reasonable were my disappointed expectations in this particular.*

One thing impressed me very strongly—the evidence there was, in Mr. Irving’s manner, from our first entrance into Sleepy

* “I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in the mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have passed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.”—[Sketch Book.

Hollow, that the charm of the locality was to him no fiction. There was even a boyish eagerness in his delight at looking around him, and naming as we drove along the localities and their associations. He did not seem to remember that he had written about it, but enjoyed it all as a scene of childhood, then for the first time re-visited. I shall never forget the sudden earnestness with which he leaned forward, as we passed close under a side-hill heavily wooded, and exclaimed, "There are the trees where I shot my first squirrels when a boy!" And till the turn of the road put that hill-side out of sight, he kept his eyes fixed with absorbed earnestness upon it, evidently forgetful of all around him but the past rambles and boy-dreams which the scene had vividly recalled. You will understand, dear Morris, how this little point was wonderfully charming to me—being such a literal verification, as it were of one of the passages of his description of the spot, and one of those, too, of which the music lingers longest in the ear. "I recollect," (he says) "that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all Nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." And to drive through "this little valley" with the man who had so written of it, and have him point out "the tall walnut-trees" with such an outburst of boyish recollection—why, it was like entering with Thomson under the very portcullis of the "Castle of Indolence!"

I should mention, by the way, that we pulled up, for a moment, opposite the monument of Major Andre, a marble shaft standing at the side of the road and designating the spot (mentioned in "Sleepy Hollow") where that unfortunate man was captured. I could not read the whole inscription in the single minute that our impatient horses stood before it, but the concluding sentence, in larger letters, stood out boldly—"History tells the rest"—and it was thrilling to read

that reference to a more enduring record than marble, and turn one's eyes upon the hand by which the imperishable words had been just written.

We rattled along, with a very daylight disregard of "apparitions," past the "bridge of logs" which is such a haunted spot to the school-boys, and where the mounted Ichabod first felt the full terror of his pokerish ride; but, though I looked right and left for some trace of what frightened old "Gunpowder," it was not, it seemed to me, even a scarey-looking spot—not only no footprints visible of the steed of the "headless horseman," but no posterity of pumpkins, such as would spring naturally from the seed of Brom Bones' missile. Of course I have no manner of doubt of the entire veracity of the story; but, would it not look better, dear Mr. Irving, (assisting thus, the trembling, hesitating faith of a world so unbelieving), to broider the brook sides around with a visible sign or two—sowing the fertile spot, I mean to say, with a supposititious family of haunted pumpkins?

A more beautiful intricacy of hill and dale than that winding road through Sleepy Hollow I never saw. Every thing in it seemed so precisely of the enjoyable size—woods, meadows, slopes, thickets and corn-fields, all in the come-at-able and cozy quantity that looks just what you want, though too little for care. To have such a valley within horseback distance—a labyrinth to disappear into, when one wishes to be lost sight of by the world and by one's own troubled thoughts—is indeed a luxury of neighborhood. Mr. Irving sighed judiciously for it when young, (in the sweet words quoted above,) and he has enviably made his home so near it now. Beautiful as Sunnyside is, upon the bank of the wide-awake Hudson, it has Sleepy Hollow, with its tangled scenery, for a fly net to troubled thoughts, just behind it. And that he enjoys it, as all readers of the Sketch-Book—millions of them on both sides of the water—would fervently pray that he might do, there was evidence that afternoon, in the tranquil heart-smile so Indian-summered on his countenance.

After regaining the turnpike at the other end of Sleepy Hollow, we made a call on Mr. Bartlett, at his famous country seat, which is allowed to be the most successful combination of taste and luxury in our country—house and grounds altogether nobly magnifi-

cent and seated worthily on one of the most commanding eminences of the Hudson—but my “well of wonder” was at the full. Promising myself, some day, a tramp with saddle-bags up and down the river, and taking a leisurely look at all the marvels of taste and luxury on both sides, I was glad, for this time, to get away—glad to have my mind again, for its already eaten feast.

We drove rapidly towards Tarrytown, where I was to take the evening train for home, and as we neared it, Mr. Irving pointed out to me the oldest church between Albany and New York, a small stone structure, whose narrow windows look as if they might have served also the purpose of embrasures—the church a citadel of retreat in the Indian wars. And not far from it was the burying-ground to which lately the remains of the deceased members of the Irving family have been brought from the business-crowded graveyards of the city. In a subdued tone, scarce audible, as if he were unconsciously thinking aloud during the silence with which we looked upon the spot, Mr. Irving said, “It is my own resting-place, and I shall soon be there.” And neither in the cadence with which the words fell from his lips, nor in the change of expression with which the stir of a deeper feeling naturally threw over the features, was there either painfulness or surprise. The utterance he had given to it was evidently the “calling by name” a familiar and welcome thought.

Our fast horses had performed their afternoon's work to very nice calculation: and, in a minute or two after arriving at Tarrytown I had taken leave of our efficient host and his delightful carriage-load, and was on my way to Idlewild with the evening train. We ran up to Undercliff in half an hour or so, and whirling past, I tossed a vespere blessing upon the echo of our wheels which of course reached you; and, as the evening star came out with her “obituary notice” of the departed day, I was at home—telling my wonderful adventures in Sleepy Hollow to the children who had sat up to hear them.

Of course I had often seen Mr. Irving—in the turmoil of the city and in the quiet of Idlewild—but I had never tried to understand, till this varied and delightful day, wherein lay the wondrous charm of his personal character and manner. Like everybody else who is so happy as to know him, I have yielded to the spell without caring to analyze it; and I do not know that I can speak with better knowledge of it now. I have brought away the impression, however, I may venture to say, that a *modesty* amounting almost to a diffidence, (a narrow escape, perhaps, of a want of sufficient self-confidence for the world we live in,) and a most unusual degree of *instinctive deferential courtesy*, are the two natural qualities at the bottom of it. His intellectual culture, and his refinement and knowledge of the world, have, of course, given grace and ease to these sometimes embarrassing restraints; and genius, of course, with its intuitiveness of perception, does that finer justice with its looks and words which is so agreeable in social intercourse; but, in his presence, all alike seem made happier. “Mr. Irving” though it is, and far better worth expressing as is his thought than your own, he would rather listen than talk. And age, curiously enough, has not in the least diminished his susceptibility. He gives to all that is said, the *mood* of attention which is most flattering to it—playful or grave with equal willingness and skill—reflecting what is offered to him, in his Claude-Lorraine glass of response, so that the sayer, at its return to him, is more pleased than when he said it. I noticed so often, during that day of most familiar gossip, that no sentence of Irving's ever so lightly interrupted, was willingly resumed—no expression of a thought persevered in, if the listener took the thread up for himself. And yet this is the man who says—(quite sincerely, too, I have no doubt) “I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration.”

Yours always,

N. P. W.

REV. W. ADAMS.—Where can I find an account of the Rev. W. Adams, M.A. author of *The Old Man's Home*, *The Shadow of the Cross* (1842), and other *Sacred Allegories*?

[A memoir of this accomplished author is prefixed to the collected edition of his *Sacred Allegories*, London, 1849; but the most interesting sketch of him, accompanied with a por-

trait, will be found in *Bonchurch, Isle of Wight*, 8vo., 1846. Mr. Adams died on January 17, 1848, at the age of thirty-three, and reposes in the churchyard he has so beautifully described in *The Old Man's Home*. See also “N. & Q.” 1st S. III. 135. 140. 247.]—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Times.

MR. MACAULAY'S ELEVATION TO THE PEERAGE.

OF the various peerages which are about to be created, the public will regard with most interest that which elevates Mr. Macaulay to the House of Lords. It is an honor which belongs peculiarly to the man, and which is a fitting, if not an adequate return for a life spent in the public service, and devoted to literary labors of the most dignified order. It is much to say that he is the most popular author of the day, but we have to say more. With a style that compels attention, with a calm wisdom that commands assent, he has interpreted English history to ourselves and to the world. To us the history which he has indited is worth a score of charters and a cartload of laws; it is our Bill of Rights and our code of political duties. We know better what we are, we know what our fathers fought for, we can sympathize with the aspirations of whigs, we learn to respect the endeavors of Tories, we are less of partizans and more of patriots. To Europe that history is worth all the constitutions that have yet been devised. It has been translated into many languages, and widely read over the continent. Who does not remember the appearance of these volumes in that year of revolution when all the peoples of Europe were maddening with fury about thrones that seemed to be tottering to their fall? It was with profound gratitude that, amid the universal wreck, Englishmen saw, as the historian described, how in their country liberty came to be linked with order, and contentment and fraternity were made consistent with the inequalities of an aristocracy. If it was a lesson which we shall never forget, it was a lesson also which, we have little doubt, will one day bear fruit in every kingdom of Europe, making sovereigns more wise, and making subjects tremble for that crisis shadowed forth by the historian, in which "it may be necessary to sacrifice even liberty in order to save civilization." In this view, if we except Lord Palmerston, there is probably not an Englishman living who has more powerfully influenced the destinies of Europe than Mr. Macaulay; and as for his influence upon ourselves, those who are fond of quoting the hackneyed saying of Fletcher of Saltoun would have a stronger and more intelli-

gible case if they would give the preference over the maker of laws, not to the writer of ballads, but to the philosophic historian who leaves his mark as palpably as the great author whom her Majesty is now about to honor.

There can be no more welcome addition to the debates of the Upper House than the orations which, we trust, Mr. Macaulay will occasionally contribute on the few great occasions by which the Lords every session vindicate their position. Although at one time he took a prominent part in the discussions of the House of Commons, his tone of thought and style of speaking were never quite suited to the bustling representatives of the people. It is in the Lower House that cabinets rise and fall, that public moneys are disposed of, that the chief business of the country is transacted. The members are thus too strictly occupied with passing affairs, too intent upon the result of a division and the fall of a party, to care much for philosophy or history, even if the philosophy be adorned with all the eloquence of Burke, and the history be presented with all the brilliance of Macaulay.

But, while the Commons are all for the present, on the other hand, prescription is the vital air of the Peerage, and the House of Lords our philosophic historian will find an appropriate audience for that stately eloquence which carries with it so much learning and so much wisdom. Especially at the present moment must we rejoice at his elevation, in the hope that when we have crushed the Indian mutiny, and the time comes to consider calmly the future of our Eastern Empire, the views of one who has described in most glowing terms how England became possessed of that glorious prize, and who, in the preparation of a Code of Indian Law, has shown that he has most profoundly studied the wants of the Hindoo, will be expressed as he alone of living speakers can express them. Not only on our Indian difficulty, but on all questions of high policy, there is not a man in the country whose opinions are entitled to more weight, and who will be more gladly heard. An historian is a statesman on his travels; and, while Mr. Macaulay will still travel from century to century and from country to country, we may expect now to have him sometimes at home with us, giving his advice in the present need.

From the Daily News.

THE outlawry of genius, it is said, is for once about to be waived, and Mr. Macaulay is to be made a peer.

We give Lord Palmerston the full credit he is entitled to for this politic and just violation of the odious rule that has heretofore excluded every man of intellectual rank from the Upper House of Parliament, unless he happened to be a successful lawyer, priest or soldier. All the arguments that were made use of by us, and by all other sincere friends of popular right, in support of life-peeraiges, apply to cases like that of the brilliant essayist whom we have just named. As a lawyer, Mr. Macaulay never affected to practise. As a legislator, he has never attempted anything. As an administrator at home or in India, his warmest admirers do not pretend that he ever manifested any peculiar fitness or faculty. Not upon his success in any of these routine walks of eminence will his future reputation rest; and not upon any of these grounds, therefore, can his title to nobility be based.

Thomas Babington Macaulay is a man of letters—perhaps the most distinguished man of letters of his country and his time—and a celebrity. Nothing else. Ornamental he has always been to his party when in Parliament, but it has never been his good fortune to render them any particular service, that we are aware of, in debate. His exertions on Reform in 1831 and 1832 were loudly cheered and generally admired; but in power of grappling with formidable opponents by ready reference to facts, or nervous strength of argument, he was never for a moment comparable to Grey or Brougham, Stanley or O'Connell. His speeches were the gilded pinnacles of the edifice, not the massive columns which upheld it; without these it must have quickly perished; without the glittering adjuncts it had been to all practical intents and purposes the same. When, in the following year, the illustrious pamphlet speaker undertook to instruct Parliament what it ought to do with India, the House of Commons quietly went to dinner, and left him to pour forth his gorgeous un-originalities to empty benches. It was always ready to applaud him when it had leisure to listen; but it instinctively thought that there were many things on which it was more important for Mr. Macaulay to make a speech than for

it to listen. Of the five years spent by him as a member of the Legislative Council, in India, the less that is said the better. The Macaulay code remains, and will ever now remain, an unattractive fragment in the museum of British blunders in Hindostan. On his return to England Mr. Macaulay was invited to re-enter Parliament by one of our great constituencies. It ought not to be forgotten, that he thought fit to signalize the occasion by a manly and uncompromising declaration in favor of the ballot. It was the one act of his political life, in which he preferred the sympathy of the class from which he has sprung to that of the sycophants who habitually crowd the ante-rooms of whig ministers. As Secretary-at-War his name was seldom mentioned, and the fact of his having been for a long time in the Cabinet is almost wholly forgotten. Were he nothing more than a second rate whig politician, few would deny that he has been adequately rewarded, and that others have as great or greater claims than he to titular distinction.

But Macaulay's claim to rank with the highest and the noblest in the land rests upon wholly different grounds. For more than thirty years he has contributed conspicuously to sustain the glory of English literature in some of its best and most important departments. His style as a speaker has never been equal to that by which he is familiarly known as a writer. It is with his pen, rather than with his tongue, that he is truly eloquent. We do not speak of his history now in progress; for we think, with all its merits, and they are great and manifold, that it is less perfect in its way than his contributions—biographical and critical—to periodical literature. From many of his opinions expressed in his essays we entirely dissent, but of their general tenor and tendency every enlightened thinker must approve; though, to our taste, less of mannerism and verbal magnificence were desirable.

It is impossible for any man who has himself ever written successfully, or who has ever devoted thought or study to original composition in the English tongue, to question the splendid ability, versatile power and marvellous range of illustration which Mr. Macaulay has shown himself to possess. As a man of the pen, and for the services he has rendered to his party, his country, and mankind, by his industrious use of his rare power of

writing, he has long been known and valued. Letters patent of ennoblement are but the tardy recognition in official form of that which the community at large had long since decreed.

It was a stupid and senseless injustice that such a man should of late years have been excluded from Parliament. From the time that he found the performance of representative duties incompatible with the labor required for the completion of his great historical work, he acted, we think, wisely and well in relinquishing his place in the Commons. His proper place was thenceforth in the Lords, where, with less fatigue and less sacrifice of health and time, a man of learning, eloquence and spirit may frequently render good service to the state. The offer of a seat in that assembly is, consequently, a graceful act, and at the same time an act of public policy and of public justice. No man has, in our time, earned it better. No man that we know of is likely to use it to better purpose. We dare say he will sometimes speak and vote otherwise than we could desire, but no minor difference of sentiment can qualify our satisfaction at seeing him admitted, while still in the prime of his varied and brilliant faculties, to his rightful place amongst the noblemen of England. Would that half of those already privileged to exercise legislative functions in the Upper House of Parliament were half so qualified to do so! Would that half of those who may be added to the roll of Peers during the next decade may be half as worthy of being so distinguished!

We trust that the precedent now about to be set may not be suffered to stand in isolation. We shall not venture to name names; that is always an invidious task for a public journal. But from the day that Mr. Macaulay becomes a member of the House of Peers the claims of others equally strong will become palpable and uncontrovertible. What is now about to be done is excellent in its way, but it is, if possible, more valuable by reason of the consequences it must inevitably entail, than even for its specific fitness. It is the first breach in the high wall of monopoly—the unmistakable prognostic and sign that its demolition is inevitable, if it be not indeed at hand.

From *The Spectator*, 5 Sept.

MACAULAY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE proposal of a Peerage to Mr. Macaulay is one of the most popular acts that Lord Palmerston has ever performed. It is the first instance in this country of a man's being raised to that highest honor of the state on the ground of his being a great writer. Sir Walter Scott is the one conspicuous exception to the neglect of purely literary merit in the distribution of such distinctions; but in his case the promotion stopped short of the Peerage; and it did not, as in the case of a seat at the Privy Council or in the House of Lords, confer even an honorary share in the power of the state.

In France the instances of literary accomplishments paving the way to the highest distinctions in the state have not been rare; but there the differences have been greater than the resemblance. The elevation itself was not so great there as it is here. Originating in an obsolete feudal power, the French order is only the shade of a shadow. Even in its titular aspect it has so frequently been adulterated and mingled with the basest coinage, that it scarcely represents even the shade. Devoid of any power like that of our House of Peers, which joins in making laws, has an absolute veto on legislation and finance, and holds the judicial appeal with the exclusive power of judging the responsible Ministers criminally, the French Peerage, now merely titular, carries with its dignity no substantial and visible honor derived from positive power; and admission to the highest offices of state has for a long period borne a more adventurous character than in this country.

There are still wider distinctions peculiar to the individual case. In France the rewards of state have often been obtained by able men for not the most virtuous use of their abilities: in the present instance there is no such purchase. Macaulay has been a party man, but it was on principle. He has received the honors and opportunities of state employments; and he has resigned them, to pursue avocations which he rates higher, and to maintain his personal independence. The Minister must share the credit of the independence which is now honored. If he has

gone among literary politicians to bestow the distinction of the Peerage, he has chosen for his favor a man with a character thoroughly respectable, in every sense above reproach. Still perhaps that which constitutes the greatest distinction between the present case and any foreign parallel is its singularity.

We are justified in regarding it as bestowed upon Mr. Macaulay as a writer, by the manifest opinion of the public and the press. Macaulay has been a Minister and Member of Parliament as well as a litterateur; he has been from early years as a student, and from a part of his official life, familiarized with Indian affairs; and in India he at one time made some figure as a legist, by force of "the Macaulay Code." But, as in the case of Disraeli, who is by nature a litterateur, by manufacture a statesman, Macaulay has left no accomplished facts to attest his skill in any official or legislative capacity; and, unlike Disraeli, he has never acquired any power as a master of debate. He rests, therefore, on his literary fame alone. And even within the province of literature, it is less any original creation which he can display in the form of poetry, any originality of view as an historical philosopher, or even any force of elucidation as a plain historian of events, than an extraordinary power in giving to known events the interest of a connected and brilliant narrative. His earliest contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* stamped the genius of the man, and indicated future power. His historical monographs, his political biographies, brought groups of events before the reader with the clearness and force of pictures, made the working of political action intelligible, and by the way "insinuated the plot into the boxes" favorably for the interests of his party. His lucid and graphic illustration imparts to received opinions a force which looks like novelty, and most especially charms those who share the same opinions already, and rejoice in the opportunity of borrowing new language to propagate them withal. It is by these achievements as a literary man that Macaulay has won the distinction which constitutes his recognized title to the Peerage.

Perhaps, however, the effect of this consideration has been somewhat exaggerated in the critical remarks on his promotion to a seat in the House of Lords. The views to

which he has given effect when he has had administrative opportunity, as in the case of the Indian Code, have not been ultimately accepted as possessing practical value; and he has not in his spoken compositions, any more than in his history or critical essays, thrown original light upon political questions; but he has thrown great eloquence into what we may call grand memoranda of our national duties, our historical purpose, our political creed, and long-sustained moral principles of public life. No man has more directly and vigorously maintained in the political arena the influence of high principle; and if Macaulay will not in the Indian discussions, or other grand debates; be likely to propose any definite course, or to strike out any unanticipated view,—if at times he may develop views which are not applicable to the circumstances,—we may remember that it is on such great occasions most useful to be reminded of loftier considerations—ay, even at a time when, for special purposes, we may be disposed temporarily to set them aside.

From The Times.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

THE death of Bishop Blomfield is an event which no chronicler of the present times can leave unnoticed; and, although the day may be yet far distant when the boundary line will be finally adjusted between the opposite classes of those who have indiscriminately admired the Bishop on the one hand, and have criticized him unkindly on the other, there are some few scattered materials which may be gathered together for the guidance of others who really desire to judge him impartially. He belonged to that large and, happily, increasing order of men whose character and abilities elevate them above the level which the mere circumstances of their parentage might be supposed to have prescribed to them. Born on the 29th of May, 1786, at Bury St. Edmond's, he received his earliest education from his father, who conducted a school in that town. But it was at the grammar school of his native place, where he remained from the age of eight till he reached his 18th year, that he gained the rudiments of that scholarship which afterwards secured for him at Cambridge the distinctions of Third Wrangler, Senior Medallist, and a Fellowship at Trinity College, having previously obtained Sir William Brown's gold medal for

the Latin and the Greek Ode. Although the rapid succession of these high academical honors seemed merely to designate him for the position of a sound and accurate classical scholar, which his earliest publications, indeed, fully maintained, it was to the ministry of the church of England that he soon devoted the whole vigor of his abilities, and a wide sphere of growing usefulness was soon opened to him. Presented successively by the present Marquis of Bristol, who has been spared to survive the eminent *protégé* of his early life, and by the second Earl Spencer to the livings of Quennington and Dunton, he was after five years preferred by the former to the rectory of Chesterford, in the diocese over which he was afterwards destined for so long a period to preside. The see of London was at that time filled by Dr. Howley, who having in 1817 appointed Mr. Blomfield his domestic chaplain, and subsequently given him the living of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and the archdeaconry of Colchester, he was within a short interval elevated to the Bishopric of Chester before he had reached the age of 38.

It was in that high office, and still more when, after another brief period of four years, he succeeded his patron, Dr. Howley, in the see of London, that he displayed the full maturity of those talents which during the last quarter of a century made him the most conspicuous member of the English prelacy. As a debator in Parliament, whenever the interests of religion or the welfare of the clergy called him to share in its discussions, he was vigorous and lucid. As a preacher he combined the clearest statements of doctrinal truth with the most forcible and affectionate deductions from them of practical conduct, all clothed in a simplicity of language which made him equally acceptable to the most cultivated and the most ill-educated of his hearers; while the admirable management of a voice naturally melodious enabled him, without the least apparent effort, to command the attention of the largest congregations. There was an utter and probably a studied absence of all action in his public elocution, whether in the Senate or the pulpits the effects of it could only be attributed to the genuine sincerity of his character and, to the sterling weight of the statements which he enforced. As an overlooker of the curacy of this populous diocese, he evinced

the most marvellous power of dispatching business, whether it referred to the minutest or the gravest questions, and he was accessible at all times to every one who submitted them to his notice. The disposal of his ample preferment was never prostituted to the objects of nepotism, nor to the bias of political opinion. And if he retained the revenues of a most richly endowed see long after more recently appointed prelates had acquiesced in the limitation of theirs, it was only that he might with an unsparing hand promote the erection of churches, the funds of schools, and the provision for the poorer clergy. It was this large and self-denying munificence that mainly tended to stimulate the same spirit in others, and which has stamped upon his age of the English Church, amid its all unhappy divisions, a character unknown to it in any other. There are two measures however, which bear upon them pre-eminently the impress of Bishop Blomfield's energetic mind—the systematic perseverance of his efforts to secure the building of churches and the extension of the colonial episcopate from five to 31 sees, which originated in the appeal of his well-known letter to Archbishop Howley. The improved residences of the beneficed and the improved stipends of the unbeneficed clergy, the more effective examinations of candidates for the ministry, and the greater frequency of communions and confirmations,—these were all evidences of a more vigorous ecclesiastical administration which he might be thought to have shared with his episcopal contemporaries. But it would not probably be difficult to prove that even these were attributable in no ordinary degree to the impulse of his mind, which encouraged and stimulated others in the path of their responsible duty. True it is, indeed, that the controversial spirit diffused over the later period of Bishop Blomfield's life rendered more difficult the course of one who, like him, wished to think well of all without truckling to the mistaken opinions of any. But those will be the first to make allowance for his conduct in dealing with the difficulties which such a state of opinion created; who estimate the delicate position of a prelate who is called upon to arbitrate at a moment when party spirit runs high among the clergy.

It would, however, be doing little justice to the character of so eminent a man if he

were to drop the curtain over his memory without unfolding one portion of it to delineate the consistency with which he adorned all the relations of domestic life. The best friends of his school and college career were those of his ripest years. With a memory accurate and retentive, and with an elastic cheerfulness of disposition which the severest trials of arduous engagements and often ill-requited kindness never ruffled, the store of his reading and the fund of his anecdotes diffused a charm over the society of every circle which he entered. The father of a numerous family, of which six sons and five daughters are now deploring his loss, he labored unceasingly to train them in the principles of the faith which from his heart he loved, and of which his own conduct afforded them a constant example. We have heard upon an authority that cannot be questioned that since his retirement into private life there were no sentiments flowing more frequently from his lips than those which expressed the conviction of his own inadequate fulfilment of his public duties; while the enjoyment of his mental faculties was preserved to him nearly to the close of his existence, and his last act of consciousness was an act of prayer.

From The Economist, 12 Sept.

HIGH DIVIDENDS INCONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

THE CREDIT MOBILIER AND THE OHIO LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY.

How to employ "money," or rather "capital," at a high rate of profit, without incurring much trouble or risk—in short, how to combine the elegant ease and repose of the "rentier" with the profits and income of the persevering and toiling man of business, whose brains are on the rack, and whose time is busily engaged from morning till night, seems as far as ever from having received a practical solution, notwithstanding the numerous attempts which have recently been made, under various new forms and pretences of late years,—and from which people shrinking from labor, have nevertheless expected its reward. From the time of the South Sea Bubble, or even earlier, the public have passed through periodical cycles, very similar in their character, the invariable result of which has been, that the public have been duped, and ultimately that those who

have duped them have been themselves ruined—in the vain attempt to find a golden road to riches without toil. No doubt some of the speculative manias which we have witnessed have given less to the world at large for the loss incurred by their individual devotees than others. For example, no one will for a moment compare the results of the South Sea Scheme, or of Law's Assignats, with the railway speculations of 1845-46, and 47. So far as the motives which prompted the individual speculators, and so far as the ultimate consequences upon their private fortunes were concerned, there was probably little difference, and if the consequences to the public at large were different in the one case and in the other, it was more a matter of accident as to the object upon which the speculative fever had expended itself, than any settled design upon the part of those who struggled through it. The motives which led crowds to rush for shares in the South Sea Scheme, to embark in adventures to the South American Republics, to pay fabulous prices for Dutch tulip roots which they had never seen and never cared to see, but sought only to sell at a higher price the next day, or to importune Directors for allotments in shares of the North-Western and Great Western, were probably as nearly akin to each other as any human motives could be,—however different may have been the final result of these various speculations to the public at large.

The news of the last week furnish us with two examples of the uncertainty and instability of these great and for a time marvellous efforts to perform monetary miracles;—and coming from very different quarters. In Paris, as our readers are well aware, the *Credit Mobilier* was established a few years ago, upon a paid-up capital of £2,400,000. In the United States, the Ohio Life and Trust Company was established with a paid-up capital of £400,000.

As distinguished from the *Credit Foncier*, which was established in order to make loans upon lands and real property, the object of the *Credit Mobilier* was to make advances upon moveable or personal property, shares, public funds, and even on personal security. That this business might have been done with perfect safety there can be no doubt, if the Directors had been content to make fair and modest dividends—if even they had aimed at making 10 per cent for their shareholders.

But when their ambition went to profits of *forty per cent* in 1856, and when a dividend of *twenty-three per cent* in 1857 was thought to require an apology in the shape of a most elaborate explanation from the chief of the Directors, no prudent man with any knowledge of business could have confidence in the transactions which they had undertaken. The truth is, as it is now quite apparent, the Directors of the *Credit Mobilier* instead of confining themselves to the business of advances, which they might have done with much success and with safety, so long as they maintained a good margin upon their securities, embarked largely as dealers and speculators in shares of all kinds. The *Credit Mobilier* fostered by its assistance companies of every description and for every possible purpose. By taking to themselves a large portion of the shares in the first place, they excited an unnatural demand among the public, and no doubt by degrees, a great part of those retained by the institution were placed at enormous premiums, throughout France. As an evidence of the extent to which this speculative mania has existed, it is well known that many large landed estates have been sold in order to enable the proprietors to embark in those various industrial schemes; so much so, that for two years a large increase took place in the public revenue derived from the sale and transfer of real estates. Everything went well enough till the "calls" became frequent and heavy,—and in consequence the price of almost all shares fell to a great discount.

But, probably, the object of the chief actors had in the meantime been attained. The shares originally allotted to them had been sold at a high profit, and had been placed with the public. But, as is invariably the case, some of the chief actors in these transactions had become so infatuated with the spirit of the times, that they were engulfed in the ruin which they had been partly instrumental in creating. M. Charles Thurneyssen, a banker of some eminence, suddenly disappeared in the month of May last, leaving liabilities to the amount of more than £600,000. The Tribunal of Commerce have declared M. Auguste Thurneyssen, an eminent and hitherto highly respected capitalist, and one of the leading Directors of the *Credit Mobilier* a partner with his absconding nephew, and answerable for his debts,—

and he is in consequence declared a bankrupt. Many of the more influential Directors are seeking to abandon the company or have actually done so:—and the public begin to inquire as to the character of the securities, amounting to many millions sterling, which composed the chief assets of the company in the last balance sheet. Upon this last fact, the *Credit Mobilier* must now stand or fall. Its position in point of credit depends entirely upon it. What are the securities—at what rate were they valued in the last balance sheet—what is their market price? If these questions can be answered satisfactorily, the Directors will do wisely to lose no time in answering them. Their silence upon this point now will expose their institution to the worst suspicions. But what in the meantime has been the fate of the shares of this company itself? They were originally 500 francs (£20) shares: the large apparent profits made by bringing out new companies at high premiums and dealing in shares, raised the price at one time to 1,900 francs (£76):—they are now at 850 francs (£34)—still a high premium upon the original share; but how long this price will last, must now depend on the accounts which the Directors may furnish upon the all-important point as to the securities which they hold, and the price at which they are valued. There has probably, if we except the railway mania in England, never been a time in any country when the public have been more severe sufferers from speculations of the kind to which we have alluded, and fostered by the means we have described, than the last three years in France. It will require many years of patient savings to make good the losses of that period. Meantime the French *Three Per Cent*. Government stock is quoted under 67.

The Ohio Life and Trust Company was established for the same purposes as the *Credit Mobilier*. Independent of the business of receiving deposits, making advances on railway shares, bonds, and securities of all kinds, the company acted as agents of the State of Ohio for the payment of the interest of the State debt, and otherwise. The paid-up capital was £400,000:—the deposits amounted to £1,200,000. The usual dividend was paid at the usual time, and, according to the accounts by the last mail, a few days afterwards the institution closed its

doors. The shares were one day at *par*, or nearly so,—the next day unsaleable;—and the effect upon all shares of which no doubt the company will turn out to be large holders, was an immediate and ruinous fall in price.

There are well-defined and clearly-established rules by which capital may be employed upon fair terms and without any thing beyond limited and ordinary risks. These rules are now generally followed by well-managed banking institutions. They confine themselves to securities which are known to be safe for advances:—and if they depart from what are strictly termed banking securities, they take care to retain such a margin as to cover any probable decline in the market. But there is one rule which they never transgress—that is, to confine themselves to making advances, and never to become jobbers or speculators. While an advance upon Consols may be the most legitimate banking operation, speculative purchases and sales of the same securities would be in every respect contrary to all rules of prudence. But if this be so with regard to Government securities, how much more so must it be with regard to the shares of railways and other joint stock companies? The *Credit Mobilier* and the *Ohio Life and Trust Company* are really nothing but banks in all their essentials. They have large paid-up capitals: they are intrusted with large sums in deposit; their safety and security depend entirely upon the way in which they employ those funds, and in no safe way can they do this, so as to divide 40 or even 23 per cent. profit. Such dividends are alone sufficient to bring such companies into discredit. “A high rate of interest means a bad security.”

From The Spectator 29. Aug.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE announcement that Lord John Russell was to be raised to the Peerage seems to have been a fiction founded upon fact; but the hope of disposing of him in that form before the important period of “next session” does not seem even yet to have been abandoned. A disquisition on the subject has appeared within these few days, of such a kind that we construe it to be a studied though courteous and friendly remonstrance with Lord John, on the *inconvenience* of his obstinate adhesion

to the House of Commons. Many pleas are used to show him “the propriety of a step” which “has of late years been anxiously debated by his friends.” Having “acquired a celebrity which may be called historical,” his “forty years of activity” in the Lower House have constituted “a position which it becomes difficult to maintain with dignity amid the conflicts of the popular assembly.” This is a plausible suggestion, but there happen to be two awkward precedents counter to it, and an attempt is made to get rid of them. It is confessed that Lord Palmerston is older, and ought not to be in a position of less dignity; “but his power never derived its main support from his efficiency in debate, and the position of Prime Minister is at all times exceptional.” Sir Robert Peel, too, managed to occupy a station similar to that now held by Lord John, “but only after he had released his colleagues from their allegiance, and renounced for himself all further pretension to office.”

Thus Lord John is told by implication, that he still would be free to occupy his place in the House of Commons, if he would renounce all further pretension, and release his followers from their allegiance. No doubt, his doing so might be convenient to some persons; but we do not see that he is called upon to execute such an instrument of renunciation. Lord John is not at present demanding from his colleagues any special pledges of their allegiance. For more than one session he has to a great extent waived the position of a party leader, and has sought only to influence the judgment of the House of Commons on subjects of national importance in accordance with national not party feeling. Whatever may have been his judgment on particular questions, he has not in this diverged from the course which Peel took, but the contrary. Nor are we to take it for granted that Peel himself had renounced all further pretension to office. He was not *seeking* it; he had himself spoken of his age; but there was abundance of life still in his frame when his career was cut short by a fatal accident; and it is inconceivable that if he had been required on the occasion of any great national difficulty he would have refused. No statesman would have been more capable of calling forth the practical resources of his country in the Russian war—of summoning every counsel and

assistance to put down Indian revolt, if indeed he had not foreseen it—or more capable of overruling sectarian schisms and party oppositions, that have created many a Ministerial “difficulty” since his death. Peel’s precedent decidedly tells in favor of keeping our best statesmen in the House of Commons.

If the object were to persuade Lord John *not* to be elevated into retirement, we can scarcely conceive pleadings better calculated to attain their own object than some which are now used. To tell him that “the experience of the recent session suggests an honorable retirement to the House of Lords”—that “the House of Commons is impatient of an old reputation”—that “the leading advocate of Jewish claims” has done his work in the House of Commons, and “in a future session might *perhaps* accomplish the more difficult task of inducing the Peers to discontinue an unprofitable and mischievous resistance”—or that he should play deputy for a superior in the Commons in urging Parliamentary Reform upon the House of Lords—is only to provoke refusal. Are *these* positions which Lord John would covet? He is told that “as a Peer he would be restored to the position of a possible Minister”: is he not so already? That “in the new sphere he would be in some degree exempt from the temptations which have led him into former errors,” a Premier in the House of Lords having “less facility for committing himself and his colleagues”: just as this last stroke may be, it certainly does not tend to conciliate acceptance. Most of us have a great desire to be ultimately removed to a higher and a better world; but few like to be told, as Lord John Russell now is, that “his time is come.”

He knows better. To be as plain with him as his “friends” are, he is less likely to exercise a powerful influence in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. His sympathies do go with the Peers, to whose class he essentially belongs, as his family has belonged for centuries; but his political sympathies go yet more earnestly with the Commons of this country. The energy of his mind has been devoted to bringing out the historical life of our commonwealth; he is identified in its history, not more in its study than in its action, where it best displays itself, in the Representative Chamber

of the commonwealth. The turn of his eloquence has been formed in that House of conflict; and we are convinced that he is far more likely to succeed in renewing his old combats among the Commons, far more likely to carry off the prize of a political tournament in those lists, than among the more staid, weighty, deliberate, perhaps somewhat cold and immovable House of Old Gentlemen. He may be ripe for that House according to the almanack; he may belong to it by family associations; but by temperament, by political habit, he belongs to the House of Representative Men. Why, even the Oaths question is not to be carried in the Peers by persuasion, but by strengthening the will and determination of the Commons, who will after all have to coerce the obstructives. It is the same with the Reform Bill: is Lord John Russell to absent himself from the real debates, in order to class himself simply among those who are to revise the bill? No; the whole spirit of a long, political life has made him resemble Peel at least in this: although connected by birth, and by some personal predilections, with the aristocracy of the country, he knows and feels the true power of his life to be essentially placed among the Commons; and to the Commons, we suspect, Lord John will continue faithful, until he feels compelled to admit, what others are prematurely asserting, that his time *has* come.

From The Economist 12 Sept.

ASPECT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

EVERYTHING that private sympathy and the activity of the Government can do to relieve the pressure of calamity on the Indian sufferers, and to crush the evil itself at its source, is, we believe, done almost as soon as it can be suggested. The generosity of the French Emperor and his Imperial Guard, and the cordial letter which announced it, will not only quicken the current of private sympathy with the irreparable losses of the fugitives in India, but will strengthen the political union between France and England by a truly *popular* feeling of mutual good will, and in that way give us fuller liberty to turn all our exertions towards the field of action. The Emperor’s gift has been offered in a manner to appeal strongly to the limited but retentive imagination of the English people, and will do more to root out the popular

dislike for our French neighbors than many alliances and many treaties. At this present moment its most important effect will be, perhaps, the fresh impulse it will give to private generosity, but its most important ultimate effect will be far wider and deeper. The influence of French sympathy is now for the first time exerted to sustain our hold on India. During the half-century between Lord Clive's destruction of the "City of the Victory of Duplex" and the battle of Assye, in other words, during all the war with Tippoo and the first Mahratta conflict, French influence in India was uniformly exercised against us, and in the twelve years that followed, the policy of the first Napoleon kept our Indian Government in continual dread. The hearty sympathy, therefore, of his nephew and of the nation that he rules, as shown at once in their private exertions for the relief of our countrymen and in the best organs of the French press, have a very emphatic significance for the English and Anglo-Indian people.

It is not less encouraging to know that the Mahometans as well as the Hindoos of Calcutta are subscribing enormous sums towards the relief of the numbers of unhappy Englishwomen who arrive daily from the scene of trouble with their tales of horror. While all the accounts show that our most active and dangerous enemies are Mahometans—the refugees uniformly meeting with comparative kindness from Hindoos—all the accounts also show that that faith is no longer the keen flame of fire it once was. It is more than half political clanship, it is balanced by appreciation of civilizing influences, it has ceased to be an absorbing *religious* fanaticism. We hear, indeed, of such cases as that of Hikmut-oollah Khan Bahadoor, the deputy collector of Futtypore, who was drawing a large salary in our service, who was highly trusted, honored, and "petted" by our principal civilians, conducting the mock trial of Mr. Tucker, one of our judges, and having him hanged. But we hear these things in the letters of Mahometans who stand off in earnest horror from such treacherous zeal, and eagerly give it as their most solemn declaration that "India cannot have a better ruler than the English Government, or be better administered than by the East Indian Company." They have learnt the meaning of Christian civilization, and when the conflict

comes between that and Mahometan fanaticism; their weakened faith in the Prophet wavers, and, if it triumphs at all, plunges them into the blind excitement of furious cruelty in order to drown all sense of the better influences with which it has declared war.

And when Major Edwardes, writing from Peshawur, tells us that "there never was any thing a hundredth part so serious in India before," his own letter gives the true interpretation to be put upon his meaning. In a military point of view, there certainly never was a crisis so alarming. But that crisis once passed, there have been many conjunctures of our Indian affairs that offered far more cause for anxiety as to the permanent influence of the English over the Indian populations than the present. Not only in the case of the Punjab—so recently our greatest anxiety—but in all parts of India, the attachment of the natives to British rule has been tried and not found wanting. Major Edwardes' testimony on the condition, of the Punjab itself is most striking. "We have struck two great blows," he says; "we have disarmed our troops, and raised levies of all the people of the country. The troops are confounded; they calculated on being backed by the people. The people are delighted and a better feeling has sprung up between them and us in this enlistment than has ever been obtained before. I have also called on my old country, the Deragât, and it is quite delightful to see how the call is answered. Two thousand horsemen, formerly in my army at Mooltan, are now moving on different points, according to order, to help us in this difficulty; and every post brings me remonstrances from chiefs as to why they have been forgotten. What fault have they committed that they are not sent for? That is delightful. It is the heart of a people. It does one good all through." When such feelings have been inspired by British rule, we may still truly say that "there never was any thing so serious in India before;" but we may also say that there never were more serious grounds for good anticipation, when once the military revolt shall have been subdued. The storm is terrible, but it has shown us that the British oak has taken a firmer root in Indian soil than we had previously dared to hope. It is the breaking up of the Indian religions,—the last burst of despair of Mahometanism, conscious of its failing energy,—and yet it has not spread beyond the ranks of the native army.

From The Times.

CHURCH'S PICTURE OF NIAGARA IN EUROPE—ART IN AMERICA.

WE do not know the authority for the anecdote of the young American traveller who, boasting of his father's picture gallery, and being asked of what masters it contained specimens, answered, "O, my father's pictures are all Leonardos and Raphaels, except a few Correggios."

The Italian picture dealers can testify to the fact that American tourists are among their best and greenest customers. There is no investment as to which experience is more essentially to be bought than pictures, and, at the present stage of aesthetics in America, there is still a great deal of experience to be purchased by Transatlantic buyers of smoked canvases and elaborately worm-eaten panels. Still, John Bull has no right to crow too loud over Jonathan on this score. It is only of late years that our own picture buyers have begun to learn that modern works of art are a safer investment than old ones, however magnificently christened; and we cannot believe that Yankee shrewdness will be far behind British in this respect when once a school of genuine American art has come into existence, finding themes in the life and nature of the New-World. The United States long lived on the literature of the mother country. But now they are beginning to lend as well as borrow. WASHINGTON IRVING, COOPER, and BRYANT, led the way. MRS. BEECHER STOWE, HAWTHORNE, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, and a score of minor poets and novelists, have followed, and now count almost as many readers in the Old World as in the New.

As it is with literature we cannot but hope it will soon be with art. American originality and grasp are too great to be long confined to the fields of industrial or mechanical activity. With such a country and such a race we cannot but look forward to a new and national development of painting also. In sculpture high honors have already been won by Americans. POWERS and GREENWOOD rank among the first sculptors whom Florence has educated, and our own GIBSON has declared he has nothing to teach MISS HARRIET HOSMER, a young American lady, whose statue of BEATRICE CENCI formed one of the most prominent ornaments of the sculpture-room at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. But in painting—since ALSTON and STEWART—the United States have not boasted any name of more than local celebrity. It is true that they have given us

NEWTON and LESLIE, but they rank as English, and not American painters.

Under these circumstances we note with peculiar pleasure the arrival in this country of a remarkable picture, by an American landscape painter, of an American subject,—at once the grandest and the most defiant of all ordinary pictorial power, among many scenes which the New World offers to the artist.

The painter is MR. FREDERICK EDWARD CHURCH, and the subject is Niagara. Few scenes have been more often attempted by the pencil, and none has hitherto more completely laughed it to scorn. But MR. CHURCH has painted the stupendous cataract with a quiet courage and a patient elaboration, *which leaves us, for the first time, satisfied that even this awful reality is not beyond the range of human imitation.*

MR. CHURCH's picture is an oblong of some seven or eight feet by three and a half, if our eyes have not deceived us. The view is taken from the Canadian side, a little above Table Rock, and it includes the whole sweep of the Horseshoe Fall, to the corner of Goat Island. There is no foreground or shore. The spectator looks right along the Canadian rapids, as their swirls converge for the tremendous leap. A shattered tree trunk is caught in the opposing eddies, which churn and chafe into foam over the layers of brown rock, the sunlight striking their edges into transparent green where they fling themselves over the lips of the ledges, in their hurrying course to the plunge of the mighty river. About the centre of the picture the bend of the barrier enables us to watch the downward leap of the river, not in a sheet, but in innumerable cascades from every projecting point, shivered into fine fringes of foam, and losing themselves in the spray to which the mass of water is churned by its fall. Across the wet air of this spray cloud the rainbow flings its prismatic arch. Beyond we see the distant lines of foam that mark the rapids, and further still the terraces of the Chipaway shore flushed with the rich hues of American Autumnal forest. The time is towards evening. A few streaks of purple cloud break the calm expanse of golden sky. The characteristic merit of the picture is sober truth. It bears throughout unmistakable evidence of the most close and successful study. To paint running water is always difficult. But when the running water is the expanse of a mighty river, broken into countless eddies by rock ledges, and hurrying to such a fall, it may well be conceived what

labor has been necessary to apprehend the bewildering facts, what patient mastery to represent them, so as to leave the spectator impressed, as by the presence of the stupendous reality, with the abstraction of motion and sound. MR. CHURCH's picture is on view at Messrs. LLOYD's, in Gracechurch-street, previously to its being intrusted to the hands of the chromo-lithographer.

From Punch.

A painting of *Niagara*, by Church—not the Church of England or Rome, but one of

the many American Churches—is at present to be seen at Messrs. Lloyd's, in Gracechurch-street—a locality more appropriate to the artist than accessible to his admirers. For if the work, as here shown, does grace Church, its painter, it is quite beyond the limits of a shilling cab-fare from any known locality.

It is a wonderful picture. The almighty water-power, as the Yankees call the cataract, is represented with almost equal oil-power by the painter. And we can only say that the Church of America should be visited by all worshippers of the Beautiful.

The Comet of 1556, being popular Replies to everyday Questions. By J. Russell Hind. (Parker & Son.)

WE remember reviewing Mr. Hind's first work on this subject, as long ago as when he had only discovered two planets, or in 1848. He then believed in the identity of the comets of 1264 and 1556, and believed that a third appearance might be expected speedily. Nine years have elapsed, which, considering the effect of perturbation, is no improbable margin for a conjecture to require. It is to be remembered that we have not those accurate accounts of the appearance of 1264, hardly even of 1556, which would enable the astronomer to use the theory of gravitation, as was done with Halley's comet both in the last century and the present. In the meanwhile, much attention has been paid by astronomers to the subject in the last nine years, and this oozing out to the wide world, the wide world made up its mind that it was to be burnt alive, and fixed a day. The day turned out rather cool for the season, and the world consented to live on. Mr. Hind discusses all the questions in a popular manner, gives his account of the preceding appearances, and of some new historical information, of the methods of calculating, &c. It seems that the most recent materials and calculations make it probable that the comet will reappear between 1857 and 1861. Then follow discussions about the possibilities and the effects of a *collision* of a comet with the earth! Why is this word used? Has the astronomer any reason to conclude that the thickest part of a comet bears as much comparison to our earth in solidity as a puff of smoke from a cigar bears to a granite rock? Are not all the presumptions, and those no weak ones, the other way? May not plenty of comets have already found their level in the higher strata of our atmosphere, and may they not be there still? To be afraid of a comet while we are living on an earth the interior of which we can only judge of by what we see at the crater of the volcano, is about as absurd as for the passengers to look at the possible collision of a donkey with the train, while they

have a furnace which vomits hot cinders at their head. So far as we know, that is: for those who want fears of the unknown, the comets will do exceedingly well: but earthquakes, the possibility of new volcanoes, &c., should not be entirely neglected; and the theory of epidemics being caused by comet matter falling down from the higher air should be cherished.—*Athenæum*.

GERMAN PERIODICALS.—Is any periodical similar to "N. & Q." or the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in Germany? If so, what is the price, &c.?

[There is no work published in Germany similar to "N. & Q." There are periodicals published in Germany and Switzerland termed *Jahrbrücher*, such as those of Sinsheim, Grand Duchy of Baden, which treat of mediæval and earlier Antiquities in a learned but unpopular form; but do not embrace the general scope of subjects comprehended in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The titles and prices of these German periodicals will be found in the Catalogues of Books which are published from time to time at Leipzig, and by the principal German publishers. A new German periodical will shortly appear, similar in its literary character to the London *Athenæum*.]—*Notes and Queries*.

EMBLEM OF THE LAMB AND CROSS.—I see in a recent Number of "N. & Q." reference to a work on the subject of the emblems of saints. It reminds me of a singular circumstance which I noticed when in Egypt last winter. I was very much surprised to see sculptured on one of the old temples (I think at Thebes) the emblem of St. John, viz. a lamb bearing a cross. Query, Did the Christians borrow it from the Egyptians? The Christian cross was very common, and is to be found on many of the temples; I believe it was the emblem of life. All these temples date many centuries before the Christian era.—*Notes and Queries*.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A NEWPORT BELLE.

"There's a hop at the Ocean—let's join it," I said—

The young ladies at once grew ecstatic,
A chap'ron was seized on her way up to bed—
Her room was not far—from the attic

"Bellevue coach" was engaged—the gay throng
tumbled in—

We departed with terrible clatter—

"I've forgotten my gloves!" "I'd give
world's for a pin!"

Such giggling! such shouts! "What's the
matter?"

The ball-room flew open—the tickets were
bought—

The price, I believe, three half-dollars—

The guests—O, how few—scarce a score—we
were caught!

The girls frowned, the beaux pulled their
shirt-collars.

The music struck up, and away my friends flew,
In desperate hope to be merry;

I was left quite alone, at a loss what to do,
Like a lover too late at a ferry.

I was sad; I was lonely; O, bitter suspense!

The blue devils were perched on my fancy;
Then said Mrs. S.: "Mister X., Miss Intense!"

Blue devils, adieu!—Necromancy!

Bright rolling blue eyes—a deep dimple—a
smile—

Irresistible showers of sallies—

Her glance flying round at the beaux all the
while—

Her aim a ten-strike in Love's alleys.

I was charmed—I was piqued—then provoked—
then amused;—

'Twas a bath in colloquial breakers;

I went home—tried to sleep—closed my lids—
they refused—

Her eyes made my own wide-awakers.

Next morn I arrayed me in neat *neglige*—

Went over to pay her a visit—

What a fair morning-glory? What *laissez-*
aller!

This isn't Intenseia—is it?

"Dear me! I'm so sleepy! Been bathing!"
She sleeps.

I rise—through the door am departing,
When out through her lids a provoking smile
peeps,

And up to her feet she comes starting.

Some nonsense—some reading—some music—
some love—

Barrett Browning—French singing—light
laughter—

In fact we did many wise things much above
What's been done long before and long after

And oft in this madcap eccentric way,

We wheedled away the fleet morning—

She varying ever—sad, glad, hoping, gay—

Always graceful, even when—*yawning*

At length I went over to bid her good bye—

Felt as safe as "the dog in the manger,"

Was sure she would weep, was afraid she might
die—

Found her—*setting her cap for a stranger.*

PENSEZ-Y.

SONG OF THE SPORTING MEMBER.

THE Whitebait in QUARTERMAINE'S store-house,

The Grouse on the heathery hill,

Cry, "Ain't Ministers coming to floor us?"

"Is nobody coming to kill?"

The old shooting-ponies wax frisky,

Not brought up for September's campaign;

The Red-deer in distant Glen-Whisky

Look out for the stalker in vain.

My yacht in Cowes Water is frying,

Its crew all ashore getting drunk:

My valet of London is dying,

And asks, "When's he to pack up my
trunk?"

The landlords and touters and *laquais*

De place, all the Continent o'er,

Are astonished that business so slack is,

Sighing sadly, "Why lingers Milord?"

My wife and my girls ask what reason

Hot August in London to spend,

With the balls, drums, and routs of the season,

Save PALMERSTON's all at an end.

Hang all that prevents our escapes!

Hang Probate and Administration!

Hang Divorce—hang all forms and all shapes,

Of Canicular long legislation.

With dividing, reporting, committing,

We're all of us worn off our legs;

Don't they know brains get addled by sitting,

Exactly the same as hen's eggs?

To bed, after twelve there's no summons

Of BROTHERTON, now, to invite 'em:

Do they fancy, like matter, the Commons

Divisible *ad infinitum*?

There's GLADSTONE, with argument voluble,

Proves a man mustn't part from his wife.

But one union I know should be soluble

To the House we were not wed for life.

We were not even tied till September:

One Divorce-Bill would have votes in plenty,

And that's the divorce of each member

"*A Vinculo Parliamenti*!"

—Punch